

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by *Mr Mitchell Chapple*

Jan.
1906

10
Cents

Doing
Three
Great
World
Capitals in
Three Weeks

Chapple Publishing Co. LTD
BOSTON U.S.A.

PEARS' SOAP

MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION

"This is genuine "PEARS" as sold for more than 100 years past!" I have sold it all my life, and know how good it is.

"It has taken the highest award at every Exhibition, and won the *only* Grand Prix at Paris. As there is *no water* mixed with it, it is ALL SOAP and lasts longer than any other; so it is the CHEAPEST as well as the BEST.

"I could sell you an imitation at half the money and make more profit on it too, but I should be only swindling you if I did."

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."



Our New Year's Greeting

Compiled By Agnes Dean Cameron

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

A NEW YEAR! Everywhere the New Year! There are books and toys for the New Year, glittering trinkets for the New Year, dresses for the New Year, schemes of fortune for the new Year, kind wishes and good deeds for the New Year. — *Charles Dickens.*

HANG sorrow! Care will kill a cat, and therefore let's be merry. — *George Withers.*

A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine. — *The Bible.*

PITY and need make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood, which runneth of one hue; nor caste in tears, which trickle salt with all. — *Sir Edwin Arnold.*

PAUSE, and think for a moment of the long chain of iron or gold, of thorns or flowers, that would never have bound you, but for the first link formed on that memorable day. — *Charles Dickens.*

YOU can't "have" your pudding unless you *can* "eat" it. — *Ruskin.*

NO nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life. — *J. G. Holland.*

EACH man can learn something from his neighbor; he can learn to have patience with him — to live and let live. — *Charles Kingsley.*

WE will not be proud, resentful, or unforgiving. — *Charles Dickens.*

YET I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns. — *Tennyson.*

EACH good thought or action moves the dark world nearer to the sun. — *Whittier.*

A GREAT thing can only be done by a great man, and he does it without effort. — *Ruskin.*

REMEMBER that you are an actor in a drama of such sort as the Author chooses. If it be His pleasure that you should act a poor man, see that you act it well; or a cripple, or a ruler, or a private citizen. For this is your business, to act well the given part. — *Epictetus.*

FIVE minutes of today are worth as much to me as five minutes in the next millenium.

— Emerson.

REST is the sweet sauce of labor.

— Plutarch.

O, BANISH the tears of children! Continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.

— Jean Paul.

MEN cannot live isolated — we are all bound together for mutual good or else for mutual misery, as living nerves in the same body. No higher man can separate himself from any lowest

— Carlyle.

THE times (as Carlyle says) are bad; very well, you are there to make them better.

— John Burroughs.

HEIGH-HO! we must ring out the year! Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, the patient year has labored through the destined round and now lays down its weary head to die. The streets are full of motion and the shops are decked out gaily. The New Year, like an infant heir to the whole world, is waited for with welcome and rejoicing.

— Charles Dickens.

EARNESTLY said the young King, "I have found it, the road to the rest you seek — the strong shall halt for the weary, the hale shall halt for the weak."

— Rudyard Kipling.

NOW it is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor.

— Charles Dickens.

AND surely and without doubt there will be efforts and duties for us above as there have been below.

— Bulwer-Lytton.

THEN use life just as a stuff to try the soul's strength on.

— Robert Browning

ICONTEND that each one's business in the social system is to be agreeable.

— Dickens.

O, MEASURELESS sky and the unnumbered stars are equally granted to king and beggar.

— Bulwer-Lytton.

NOW'I feel the earth move sunward, I join the great march onward, and take by faith, while living, my freehold of thanksgiving.

— Whittier.

A FRESH mind keeps the body fresh; take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday.

— Bulwer-Lytton.

LET us remember that, young or old, we are all on our last cruise. If there be a fill of tobacco among the crew, for God's sake pass it round, and let us have a pipe before we go.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.



VOLUME XXIII.

JANUARY, 1906

NUMBER FOUR

Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE
OF MASSACHUSETTS

DIRECT from London and Berlin, the capitals of the two nations with which we are so closely related, Washington offered to me a sharp contrast that muggy day in November. There may be only one London, with its fog and yellow glare of lights, only one Berlin with its splendors of statue and spire; but as I gazed up Pennsylvania avenue, and looked upon the dome of the capitol at Washington, I felt prouder than ever that I was an American: this not in boastfulness, but rather in the spirit of the returned traveler who feels that the thrill of "home again" is more to him than all the world-rites that may lie outside the boundary lines of his own land. It was a busy time.



SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN OF
ALABAMA



SENATOR BAILEY OF TEXAS

Photograph by Olindeinst

There were reports of all the departments to be published; the finishing touches were being placed upon the message, conferences were coming on thick and fast. Early in the morning cabinet officers were at the executive office, beginning a day's work which would last

until well into the night. A conference with Speaker Cannon indicated that the president had concentrated his attention on railroad legislation, setting aside tariff revision or anything else, and the general belief was that the president had reached a conclusion in regard to the temper of the house of representatives and realized what he might expect on the railroad rate proposition. Walking toward the executive office, through the White House grounds, I met several senators, whose hearty handshake indicated they were in prime trim for a busy season, after a season of leisure. Through the glass-panelled doors, the visitors began to pass early, for there was a long schedule of appointments.

It is interesting to study the persons in the president's outer office, and see what a genius of patience it requires to wait gracefully. A gentleman who is at home recognized as one of the leading lawyers of his city happened to be among those who waited that day. I could not but conclude that it must be a new experience to him. He crossed and re-crossed his legs—the right over the left, the left over the right; he manicured his nails, he trained his moustache and beard in the way he most desired them to go; he studied his notes, then he drew out a book and made some observations therein. He combed and recomb'd his hair with his impatient fingers, and I was beginning to wonder what next he would find to occupy his restless and active mind, when along came his senator and the waiting period was ended. A waiting-room is always full of character, for then people are more or less off guard and their real selves come out, whether it be at a little wayside railway station or in the outer office of the executive mansion.

It was interesting to hear how Mark Twain and the distinguished George Harvey, of the house that Harper built, waited two hours in the inside



MR. HITCHCOCK OF MISSOURI, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,
AND HIS DAUGHTERS

ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, FORMERLY OUR AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA, IS NOW CONDUCTING MERCILESS PROSECUTIONS OF MEN IN AND OUT OF PUBLIC LIFE WHO HAVE BEEN STEALING VAST TRACTS OF PUBLIC LAND BY ONE DEVICE OR ANOTHER

Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



A QUIET DAY IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Photograph by Clinedinst

room to see Secretary Root. A fact which indicates something of the pressure of work on that official, for what else could withhold even a cabinet officer from hastening to greet the philosopher who has long since won the heart of the world to his genial self. Mr. Clemens carries his seventy years easily, and, in his inimitable way, he could not resist commenting upon what he observed during those waiting moments. He, too, crossed and recrossed his legs, ran his hands through his hair, twirled his moustache, and showed all the signs of impatience exhibited by the distinguished lawyer in the executive office; but it is certain that neither he nor his companion had a dull moment, for Mark Twain is always ready with entertainment for himself and others. There may have been a lurking expression in his eye that suggested a longing for a cob pipe, a pair of slippers and a cozy cor-

ner, but he had come to see the secretary, and it suffices to say he made good use of the time until Secretary Root appeared.

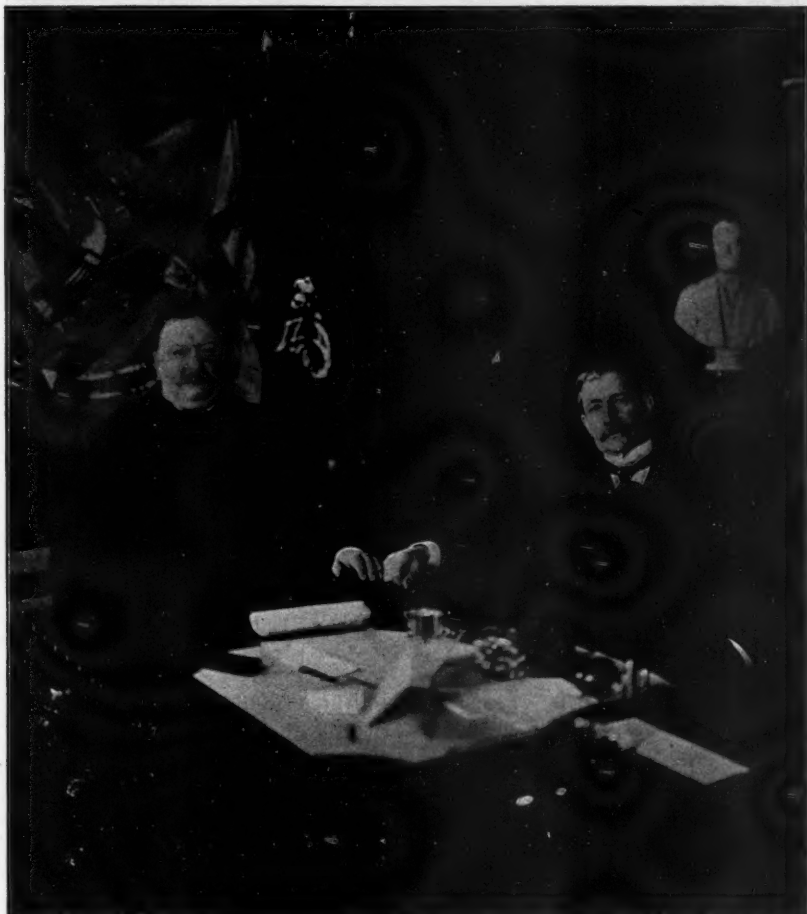
Not long after this the burly Secretary Taft hove in sight, and it was safe to infer that the Panama proposition was to be again brought to the front. It was interesting to see how the distinguished secretary of war disposed of the retinue of foreigners who were following him for considerations of all sorts. The all-absorbing proposition for the month at Washington, it seemed to a casual observer, was the Panama canal, now passing through its crucial stage of irritating delays and whispers of scandal.

A sea-level canal is conceded to be the most certainly satisfactory investment of the people's money in the long run, even though it may entail an additional fifteen years of work and an extra expendi-

ture of \$150,000,000. The Panama canal is more than a national project; though governed by Americans, it is to be a world's highway, changing the map of commerce. It is natural that the president should desire to see the canal completed during his present term of office, so that it might go down in history as a Roosevelt achievement, but that hope is past. This administration may do the digging, another will certainly have to

do the dedicating within a decade.

The opening of the sixtieth congress was an event of unusual importance. There is something in the mere change from the fifties to the sixties, the marking of another decade, that suggests the flight of time, even to the beardless members. Public hopes of legislation are likely to be disappointed, for when



SECRETARY ROOT, THE ORGANIZER, AND SECRETARY TAFT, THE ENERGIZER OF ADMINISTRATION ENTERPRISES.

Photograph copyright 1904 by Olindeinst

was there a measure yet proposed that did not look like a sieve before it had run the gauntlet of congressional inspection and discussion?

The reorganization of the whole method of government is radiating from the busy office of the secretary of state, and his department is setting a good example, for very little unfinished business is on hand in that office when the

Empire and Germany, and I am not so sure it is altogether to our advantage to bring this business aspect so much to the front; for in Washington the aim and end of legislation seems to be dollars and cents—not alone dollars and cents for the trusts and corporations, but for the whole nation as individuals. When it comes down to the last analysis, it looks as though every human being were actuated by the same grasping im-



WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF NEW YORK

Photograph by N. Lazarnick

doors are closed, no matter whether the closing hour is four o'clock or seven. This injection of distinctively business routine in federal affairs is perhaps a necessity of the times, but one can see the picturesque and romantic phases of public life withering beneath this outburst of activity.

It furnishes a sharp contrast to the manner in which this work is conducted in the government offices of the British

pulse, though the aim of some is not to create more wealth, but better to distribute the riches already in existence.

But, heigh-ho! this will not do! I am finding fault with myself, for I found, before I had been back on American soil a day, the same intensity and haste dominating me. I also was looking on everything "dollar-wise," and hoping that great reforms might come to pass through the taking away of the power

of graft and the more equal distribution of wealth. I felt that day as though I must be back again in dear old Lun'non, and unconsciously I turned up my trousers and carried an umbrella as naturally as though I had always lived in a rainy



SENATOR BOIES PENROSE

UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP, THE OLD QUAY MACHINE IN PENNSYLVANIA WAS OVERWHELMINGLY BEATEN BY THE REFORMERS IN THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS

Photograph by Glinedinst



SENATOR J. FRANK ALLEE

DELAWARE'S ONLY REPRESENTATIVE IN THE FEDERAL SENATE IS NOW FIGHTING "GAS" ADDICKS, WHO PUT HIM THERE

Photograph by Glinedinst

climate, where an umbrella is man's inseparable companion. I even contemplated the advisability of having an extra pocket in my trousers, so that I could carry an umbrella without using my hands, and I considered whether it might not be well for me to do as I saw



BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON

REAR ROW: D. A. GOODSSELL, BOSTON; WILLIAM BURT, EUROPE; J. M. THOBURN, INDIA; WILLIAM F. MCDOWELL, CHICAGO; T. B. NEELY, SOUTH AMERICA; LUTHER B. WILSON, CHATTANOOGA; J. W. HAMILTON, SAN FRANCISCO; EARL CRANSTON, WASHINGTON

FRONT ROW: C. H. FOWLER, NEW YORK; J. H. FITZGERALD, ST. LOUIS; J. F. BERRY, BUFFALO; CYRUS D. FOSS, PHILADELPHIA; E. J. ANDREWS, NEW YORK; C. C. MCCABE, PHILADELPHIA; DAVID H. MOORE, PORTLAND, OREGON; W. F. MALLALIEU, BOSTON; H. W. WARREN, COLORADO

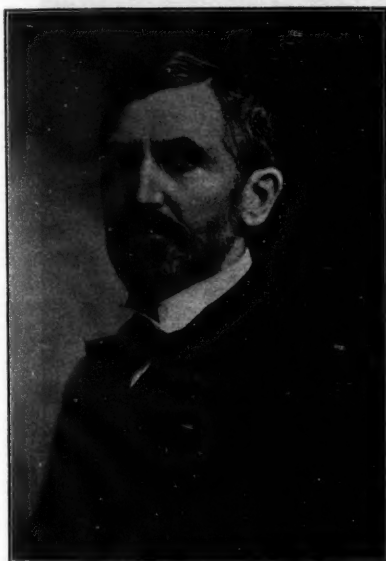
Photograph by the National Press Association, Washington

the men in Berlin do, hang my umbrella on a button of my ulster.

The chief impulse of the man who has been abroad is to keep talking about it all the time; telling all that he saw without reference to the tastes of his hearers, or considering whether or not they are interested in what he says. I fear that I am no exception. Very likely it will wear off before another month comes around.

this document. It tells at a single glance the story of the wonderful prosperity of the nation, for from the soil, and through the farmer's hands, come the raw materials at least of a nation's wealth.

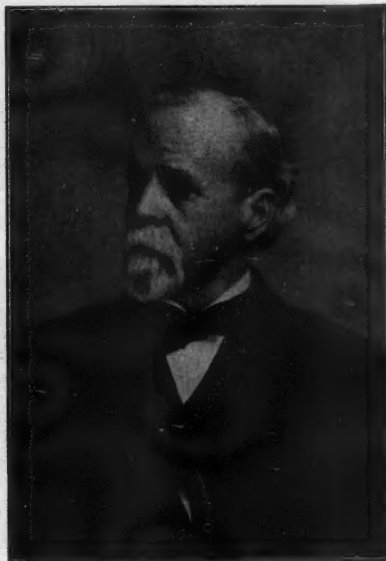
Corn is still king, and has reached his highest production, showing twenty-seven hundred millions of bushels, the value of which is nearly a billion and a quarter of dollars. Hay follows, to the value of \$605,000,000, cotton at \$575,000,000, and



JOHN F. PATTISON OF OHIO

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE BUCKEYE STATE WON OVER GOVERNOR HERRICK IN NOVEMBER, PARTLY THROUGH THE SUPPORT OF THE TEMPERANCE ELEMENT, AND MORE, PERHAPS, BY REASON OF THE UNPOPULARITY OF "BOSS" COX OF CINCINNATI, WHO HAD ASSUMED A DICTATORSHIP OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN OHIO, AND OF SENATOR FORAKER, WHO WAS EVEN THEN LEADING AN OPEN FIGHT AGAINST THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN FOR FEDERAL REGULATION OF RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES

ONE of the most interesting federal reports sent out this year was that of Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture. Tales of the wealth of Croesus grow pale in comparison with



JOHN F. LACEY OF IOWA

ONE OF THE STRONG, QUIET MEMBERS OF THE HAWKEYE STATE IN THE LOWER BRANCH OF CONGRESS, AND A GREAT LAWYER

wheat \$525,000,000, overtopping the highest values ever reached. This is the quartette of the premier crops of the nation.

The modest dairy cow comes along with \$665,000,000, while the farmers' general products foot up to nearly half a billion dollars. "And yet," says the secretary, "the story is not done. The production of the American farmer surpasses that of any other country in all



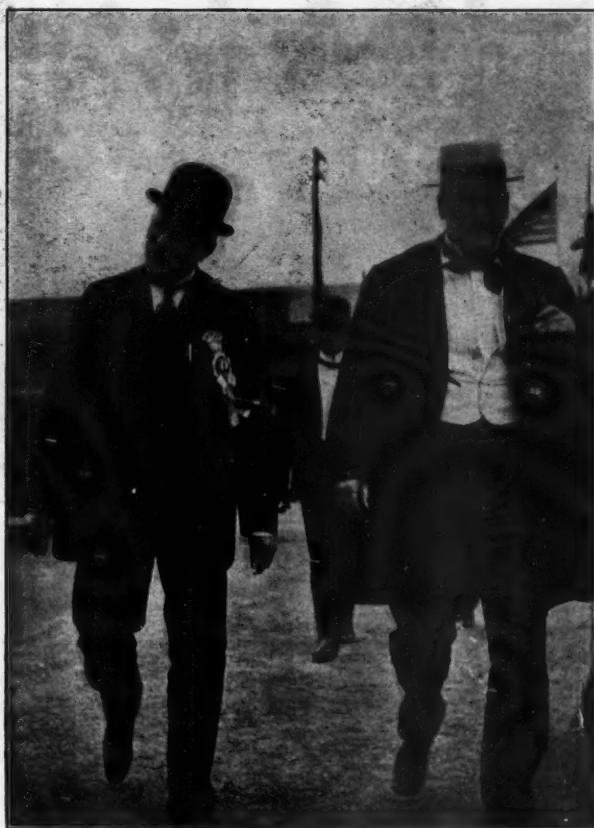
PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBURG ENTERTAINING ON THE BRITISH BATTLESHIP DRAKE, AT NEW YORK

THE PICTURE SHOWS THE INTERIOR OF THE BALLROOM ON THE FLAGSHIP DRAKE, WITH ITS THROCK OF ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS AND THE SOCIETY LEADERS OF AMERICA. PRINCE LOUIS IS STANDING AT THE GANGWAY RECEIVING HIS GUESTS. FACING HIM IS GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT

Photographed by C. H. Dietrich for Underwood & Underwood, New York

history. The stupendous aggregate of six billions, four hundred and fifteen millions is reached, showing an increase of two hundred and fifty-six millions in one year. In ten years one-third of the

Just read this again and see if you can comprehend what it means! Farm produce constitutes fifty-six and four-tenths per cent. of the total products of the country and eighty-six and eight-



SENATORS BURROWS (STRAW HAT) AND FORAKER—A SUMMER SNAPSHOT

SENATOR FORAKER SHARES WITH SENATOR ALDRICH OF RHODE ISLAND, SENATOR KEAN OF NEW JERSEY AND SENATOR ELKINS OF WEST VIRGINIA THE BURDEN OF THE FIGHT AGAINST FEDERAL CONTROL OF RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES. SENATOR BURROWS, AS A DEFENDER OF THE TARIFF ON BEET SUGAR, LEADS THE OPPOSITION TO GRANTING FREE TRADE FOR THE PHILIPPINES

population represented in farming will produce wealth equal to half the entire national wealth produced in three centuries."

tents of the total industries utilizing raw materials. With such figures and facts before us, it is not difficult to see that the real money power of the coun-



SHOE AND LEATHER MEN LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE

GOVERNOR DOUGLAS (IN SILK HAT) STANDS NEAR CENTER OF FRONT ROW. THE MEMBERS OF THIS DELEGATION CALLED ON PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN NOVEMBER TO ENLIST HIS INFLUENCE FOR THE REDUCTION OF TARIFFS ON HIDES

Photograph by the National Press Association

try will be held by the agrarian element. The report this year also gives a review of eight years past, and no romance ever presented more thrilling records. The agricultural department, perhaps more than any other, is closely allied with the interests of the whole world, and the information secured by alert observers and compiled in such a document as this report, is of deep interest to everyone. The pamphlet does not treat alone of grains and crops; the various animals found on a farm are taken up and their possible diseases; all kinds of dairy products with the treatment of plant diseases, plant production, the cultivation of the soil, the purification of water, the testing of seeds, the growth of forests, the chemical investigation of

soil, surface or otherwise, work against the cotton-boll weevil,—all are intelligently and comprehensively treated. The report reads like part of an encyclopedia published by Mother Ceres.

In spite of all the wave of exposures and talk of unfaithfulness among his subordinates, the sturdy Iowa farmer who has served his country so well as secretary of agriculture maintains his post and is recognized in foreign countries as one of the ablest heads of departments; go where you will, Secretary Wilson of the American agricultural department is known. The keynote may be expressed in one sentence: the American thinks in universals, seeks production in volume rather than in small quantities, looking too often, perhaps, to the quan-

tity rather than the quality, and against the resistless avalanche of his tremendous production, foreign economists stand aghast.

Contrast this picture of wealth obtained with comparative ease in a new country, with what I witnessed on the banks of the Thames only a few days before; ten thousand women marching the streets of London, representing one hundred thousand men unemployed. They were seeking a hearing from the prime minister, Mr. Balfour, but were turned away with a helpless wave of the hand—legislation, he said, could do nothing for them, and their only hope was in

the charity of their countrymen, which alone stood between them and utter starvation. If you could have looked into those hopeless faces as I looked into them, your mind would have flashed back to your own land across the ocean, where such great quantities of sustenance are being poured out of the earth, season after season.

The stranger in England, knowing this state of affairs, looks with surprise at the beautiful estates of "the gentry," where acres and acres of valuable land are being held idle in pheasant and deer preserves or in golf links, kept for the pastime of a favored few. Recalling this, when in the streets of London, one



A DELEGATION FROM OKLAHOMA LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE

CHAPERONED BY SENATOR CULLOM OF ILLINOIS, THESE GENTLEMEN CALLED TO URGE UPON THE PRESIDENT OKLAHOMA'S CLAIM TO STATEHOOD. THEY ADVOCATED THE ADMISSION OF OKLAHOMA AND INDIAN TERRITORY AS A SINGLE STATE. THE PRESIDENT PROMISED HIS AID.

Photograph by the National Press Association

watches the throngs roll by at night in handsome carriages, in which the rich dresses of the ladies gleam against the black evening coats of the men, and cannot but wonder whether something might not be done by these wealthy folks for the relief of this unfortunate state of the masses of the people. It may well be said of London, that it is the place where

impossible for a workingman to make even a decent living on the soil.

It was the case of an old man, whose wife was partially crippled by rheumatism. They lived on the side of a rug-



MR. BONAPARTE, SECRETARY
OF THE NAVY

Photograph by Clinedinst

a shilling will go farther, and a pound will do less than anywhere else in the whole world.

Here also the cry is "back to the soil," but the sad fact remains that the English laws are such that it is almost



MR. METCALF, SECRETARY OF
COMMERCE AND LABOR

Photograph by Clinedinst

ged mountain, where, however, the soil at the base was good. Obtaining permission of the owner of the farm below, the

old man rose at four o'clock every morning for months, often working in the light of the Winter moon, drawing baskets of earth up the side of the mountain to the

the projecting rocks. Here he made himself a garden, hoping to grow suffi-



MR. SHAW, SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY

Photograph by Clinedinst

little strip of ground beside his cottage,
where there was a flat surface between

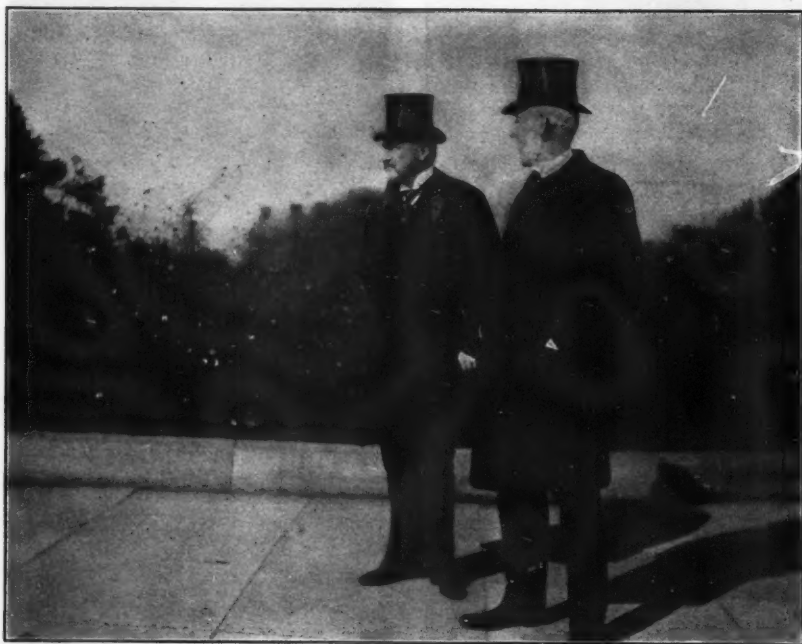


MR. WILSON, SECRETARY OF
AGRICULTURE

Photograph by Clinedinst

cient vegetables to eke out his meagre pay as a farm laborer, and thus save a trifle to keep himself and his wife from "the workhouse" when he got past laboring. The little garden grew and flourished, and in June the old man's rent was due. For the tiny, three-room cottage and the strip of barren ground he had paid five pounds a year. Taking the whole day for the journey, so difficult for

not pay they could go." Payment was impossible—it was difficult to scrape up even five pounds, and nine could never be obtained even by strictest economy. The old people went, and a younger couple, earning a little better wage, were put in to profit by the hard work of the old man, done in the hours before his twelve-hour day, from six to six, began. Such a story needs no comment.



SENATORS KEAN AND DRYDEN OF NEW JERSEY

MR. DRYDEN (WITH WHITE BEARD) IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE PRUDENTIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ("AS STRONG AS GIBRALTER") AND SENATOR KEAN STANDS SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH SENATORS ALDRICH, FORAKER AND ELKINS IN FIGHTING AGAINST FEDERAL REGULATION OF RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES

Photograph by Clinedinst

her rheumatic limbs, the old wife presented herself at the office of the steward of the estate—an estate the annual rent roll of which is thirty-three thousand pounds. She learned with horror that they were to be charged four pounds extra for the "improvements" they had made on the ground, and "if they could

Woe be to us in the time when our own fair land falls under the spell that permits acres of ground, needed to feed the people, to pass into the splendid ruin of velvet lawns and pheasant preserves, which are infinitely more menacing to the masses than the rankest weeds that clothe the waste places. In a word, the whole sys-

tem is the outgrowth of erroneous land laws, made by land owners, regardless of the inalienable rights of the people to get out of the earth the wealth which the Almighty has put there for their sustenance.

THE recent visit of Prince Louis of Battenburg to the United States reminded older officials of the time when the Prince of Wales—now king of England—visited this country. Prince Louis is not only a scion of the English royal house, but is closely related also to the German nobility, and the nation in entertaining him extended courtesy to both England and Germany.

At the national capital, the prince visited with keen interest every department, commenting in a lively, facetious way on what he saw. Although his time was well occupied with banquets, receptions, and other official and unofficial functions, he managed to enjoy himself all around, as well as to support the dignity of his name. While visiting Mount Vernon—the sacred shrine of Americans—he evinced that spirit of race patriotism which animates Anglo-Saxons. With uncovered head, he stood in reverent silence before the tomb of Washington, paying a sincere tribute to the ideas and ideals which that great man represented. He hastened back to Washington to dine with his relative, the president. For since it has been discovered that Theodore Roosevelt is of royal descent it is popularly supposed that every member of royalty must needs be a distant cousin of the president and anyhow, "all good fellows are akin," quoth he.

It was in New York, in company with Admiral Evans, that the prince had the gayest hours of all. Now, "Bob" Evans has a happy way of having a good time, and the greeting given to the representa-

tive of the English navy by the American jolly tars was certainly inspiring. They like a good fellow, no matter what uniform he wears, and the prince proved his right to that title of distinction. He startled New Yorkers when he told them that an ordinary fleet of warships could blow Manhattan into the sea in four hours, but Gotham took occasion to fortify itself by such hospitality as has rarely been bestowed upon one even of royal blood.

It was interesting to observe in Europe the keen interest with which the English people read of the reception of Prince Louis. In fact it was about the only American news you could find in the London papers at that time, and it was used as a text for renewing ill feeling between Germany and England. A deliberate attempt was made to arouse the kaiser's jealousy. But all the kaiser will need to do is to send us over another German prince and things will be equal.

MET Senator Joe Bailey one morning in the sleeping-car, and actually failed to recognize him, for it is indeed difficult to realize that senatorial dignity may hide beneath the disguise of undress attire, frowled head, tooth brush in one hand and brushes and dressing-case in the other. I did not know him—I doubt if I would have known my own brother in similar circumstances, but as soon as he got out of the sleeping-car and tied his ever-present white necktie, donned his flowing Prince Albert and got into his sombrero hat, he was recognizable. There are few young men in the senate who have entrenched themselves more securely in the affections of the people than the young senator from Texas. He certainly has a future of great usefulness before him, for he has in him the elements of leadership, and such qualities are sure to come to the front.

We unintentionally omitted copyright notice when printing "A Scene in the Banquet Hall of the Bamba Auditorium, San Fernando," in the November number of the National Magazine. This was one of the pictures illustrating Secretary Taft's tour of the Philippines with the party including Miss Roosevelt. The original photograph is copyrighted, 1905, by Underwood & Underwood, New York.



KATE FIELD: A RARE AND HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT

KATE FIELD, COSMOPOLITE

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "For the Pleasure of His Company," etc.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

ODDLY enough, I knew Kate Field as a name, a name of distinction and one to be respected, long before I knew anything else concerning her. She was a name only, a very well known name, but I could not have told you why her name impressed me and made me wish to possess her autograph.

Probably it was her personality, which was striking and unforgettable, that caused her friends to think of her and often speak of her as someone of importance, someone really worth while; thus, as her friends were my friends, I came to hear of her and think of her and talk of her and, finally, to read her works, until, at last, I ventured to write to her in the hope of receiving a reply—another autograph for the collection, of which I was so fond and proud.

The reply came in due season; here it is:

NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1868 — DEAR SIR: I thank you for your kind words and am more than pleased that my little books should have strayed off to California. If I live I hope to do something more worthy of praise.

I can say nothing to you, a stranger, that will be worth the reading. Everyone must work out his own salvation and in his own particular way.

My motto is Emerson's — "*Hitch your wagon to a star.*" If you do you will rise sooner or later. Try it and see if the effect is not a beneficial one in character. I am

Very truly yours,

KATE FIELD.

Her note paper was very small and square; her handwriting very large and square; there was a monogram at the top of the first page, faintly rubricated. "Hitch your wagon to a star!" I knew, even then, that the admirable Emerson

was capable of uttering beautiful aphorisms that do not ring true unless the chord of your soul happens to be pitched in the same key with them: I know also that the heavens are hard to reach and that if I had been able to hitch my wagon to a star my case would have been uncomfortable, to say the least; and that in all probability I should have spilled out of the back seat — notwithstanding the advice of the incomparable Emerson and the bonny Kate.

The year 1868 was a busy year for her. I wonder that she ever found the spare moment in which to give me a thought and to dash off the few lines which I prized so highly. No one can know, or even begin to suspect the unflagging energy and enthusiasm of this remarkable personality, who has not read that noble tribute to her, "Kate Field: A Record," by Lilian Whiting. No one knew her as Miss Whiting knew her. They were twin sister-souls.

FOR a glance at the life of a woman of boundless and irrepressible vitality, let me abbreviate the brief record of her life at this period, as recorded in her Diary and quoted in Miss Whiting's "Record." See how she begins a New Year:

Jan. 1st, 1868. Last night Dickens read *David Copperfield* and *Bob Sawyer's* Party with great effect. During the afternoon I became possessed with the idea to present the great Charles with a New Year's offering in the shape of a bouquet. * * * Dashing wildly into every flower shop in Broadway, and being told that only previous orders would be filled, my ardor received numerous shocks, but finally I discovered a young

German who had violets for sale, and who would arrange them in a pretty little basket.

"It is impossible to make the bouquet now. I'll send them to you."

"I want them now." (It was then 5 o'clock.)

"I'll let you have the basket by 7 o'clock."

"No, I want it now."

"I'll send it at 6 o'clock."

"That will not answer."

"In half an hour."

"Now or never."

"Well, then, now," replied the young German desperately and away he went at the flowers. * * *

I had no sooner entered the building than Mr. Dalby (Dickens' agent whenever and wherever he lectured) came to me saying: "I have a message for you from Dickens."

"Indeed! Pray what can it be?"

"I asked him whether he saw you in the audience in Boston, to which he replied, 'See her? Yes, God bless her! She's the best audience I ever had.'"

At the close of the evening — he had fondled Kate Field's floral tribute for a moment as it stood on the desk beside him — Dickens said:

"Ladies and gentleman, from my heart of hearts I wish you a happy, happy New Year."

"My flowers did that," adds Kate Field; "it is the first speech he has made in America."

Jan. 2. Heard Dickens in *Dr. Mari-gold* for the first time.

Jan. 3. Adelaide Phillips went with me to hear Dickens in *Christmas Carol*. Going up the hall steps Mr. Dalby gave me a letter from Mr. Dickens. It is charming. The most neatly worded note I ever read. I feel one inch taller. It is very sweet of Mr. Dickens to take so much notice of my little offering. (The violets.)

Jan. 4. Lippincott published my *Ristori and Marie Antoinette*. The Philadelphia Press calls it the sensational article. The Tribune stigmatizes it as written in bad Carlyean. Thank you, Mr. Ripley, I know nothing of Carlyle, so must be naturally depraved. That article will live to be noticed yet, if I

ever succeed in putting my *Ristori* together in book form. The Public Spirit prints my first story, *Love and War*; Springfield Republican copies it entire.

Jan. 9. Went with John Russell Young of the Tribune to hear Mr. Dickens a second time in *Doctor Mari-gold*, — was more pleased than ever. Had seats immediately in front. Caught Mr. Dickens' eye on one occasion, and felt that he saw way down into my boots. His eye is a dissecting knife.

The note that so pleased the donor of the violets ran as follows:

Westminster Hotel, New York, Jan. 3, 1868. DEAR MISS KATE FIELD— I entreat you to accept my most cordial thanks for your charming New Year's present. If you could know what pleasure it yielded me you would be almost repaid even for your delicate and sympathetic kindness. But I must avow that nothing in the pretty basket of flowers was *quite* so interesting to me as a certain bright, fresh face I had seen at my readings, which I am told you may see when you look in the glass. With all good wishes, believe me.

Always faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

To return to her Diary:

Jan. 18. My letter on Dickens in Springfield Republican.

Jan. 19, Sunday. Ristori celebrates her *fete* with a dinner to her company and a proverb, "*Un Mari dans du coton*," acted acted very cleverly by Bianca and Giorgio. Ristori stood behind a screen, and directed everything with as much interest as if worlds depended on it. My present was two copies of *Marie Antoinette* article.

Jan. 22. Ristori sent me an exquisite full-length photograph of herself, on which is written, "To my dear and noble friend, Kate Field. A remembrance of sincere affection, from her true and grateful friend, Adelaide Ristori del Grillo."

I prize this highly, for Ristori to acknowledge herself grateful is more than I expected. Artists do not often make this confession and concession. Took leave of Ristori today. She is tired and ill, but always uncomplaining.

Jan. 27. My article on Adelaide

Phillips appeared in the Tribune. Has attracted much remark. Hope it will do her good. No critic has ever done justice to her genius.

Jan. 29. Addie (Phillips) made her debut in *La Favorita*—a great success. Her acting and singing beautiful. The operatic sensation of many years, from an artistic point of view. Of course, Strakosch won't let the critics praise her as she ought to be praised. What a horrible life it is to be before the public, and at the mercy of unprincipled managers or vile critics. How I wish I had control of an art organ! I'd have the truth told.

Feb. 3. Wrote Dickens. Dined at the Bottas' with Helen Hunt and Charles Elliot Norton. I invited them all to opera; also the Frothinghams. Addie (Phillips) in *Don Pasquale*. All were pleased.

Feb. 4. Wrote on *Pen Photographs of Dickens*,—the hardest task I ever set myself. Hope they will repay me for the trouble when issued by Loring. Shall I ever be independent in pocket?

Feb. 5. Breakfasted at Mrs. Botta's with George Ripley, Helen Hunt, Maj. De Forest, Mrs. Elliott, a Frenchman and Du Chaillu. Mr. Ripley was my right-hand man, and by far the most brilliant person at the table. Returned home at 2 p. m. Wrote on Dickens.

Feb. 10. Wrote on Dickens. Will finish tomorrow, thank Heaven! Then I'll stop writing for a fortnight and breathe. Oh, if I could only go to Europe, take care of my physique, and study! Heaven's will be done! I must not complain. It will all be made clear one of these days.

Feb. 13. * I wonder if I shall ever write anything to be proud of? Life is a curious puzzle to me.

Feb. 15. Notice in The Tribune of my book. (*Pen Photographs of Charles Dickens*.) Calls me "brilliant," and my pen "facile." No compliment, because everybody is called brilliant and facile nowadays.

So the days of this busy woman passed without rest or recreation. It might almost be said that she had not sufficient encouragement to reward her for the effort she was continually making to better the world and aid her fellow-men

and women. She was unselfish — as those who are in need of help are very apt to be. She was extremely sensitive; grateful for little kindnesses; often discouraged — but brave as a lion. She says in her Diary:

Feb. 24. Awful day. As blue as any indigo. Couldn't fix my mind on anything. Began Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

Feb. 25. Saw *Norma* in evening.

Feb. 26. Lippincott will give me three or four pages, and \$25 for my Kemble article. Shan't have it.

Feb. 27. * Dickens praises my *Pen Photographs* very warmly. * * Delighted that he is pleased.

March 2. Heard Fanny Kemble read *Coriolanus*.

March 3. Mrs. Kemble in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. * Voice beautifully musical in some of the poems.

March 6. Forney's Press (Philadelphia) gives me more than a column of praise. Amende honorable! Called on Mrs. Kelley, (an impoverished actress) gave her \$10 to pay her rent. They say she makes desperate efforts to get down on her knees and pray for me, but she fails from physical inability. Poor woman! and I have done so little.

March 15. * Wish I could travel.

Hers was a restless life and full of longing. She was coming in touch with everybody of importance and fixing an impression of them in her Diary with a word or two. Of Osgood, the Boston publisher, whom everybody loved and trusted, she said:

I like Mr. Osgood. He is true, manly and considerate. * * Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson writes to Independent that I have "extraordinary talents." Hurrah! I'll try and do something. * * New Orleans Crescent says my book is an insidious attempt to injure the genius of Dickens. *De gustibus*. * * Visit to State's Prison. Intensely interesting. Shall make article out of it, I hope. The warden polite. * * Again at Dickens reading. The finest audience I ever felt. * * Presented to him after reading. Said he was delighted to make my acquaintance. I replied that I owed him so heavy a

debt that I never should be able to pay the interest.

"Then I will give you a receipt in full," he replied.

Her admiration of Dickens amounted to a mania: Here follows the syllabus of her lecture on the man and his work:

Dickens, the Actor; Dickens, the Dramatist; Dickens, the Journalist—the Novelist—the Merry-maker—the Walker—the Friend—the Letter-Writer; Dickens' Household Words—His Fancies—His Style; Dickens, the Poet; Dickens' Children; His Animals—His Women—His Christianity—His Home at Gad's Hill; Peroration; Dickens' Grave in Westminster Abbey.

In her Diary she says:

May 23. Beautiful day; first taste of Spring. Went to capitol. Not captivated by my first glimpse of Washington. Saw congress assembled; a clever looking body of men.

May 24. Drove out to General Lee's house, Arlington Heights. Evening at Senator Pomeroy's. Met Stanton, Butler (a sharp, clever lawyer), General Howard (good), Colfax (an amiable politician), Senator Wilson and others.

May 25. Went to capitol. Heard Grossbeck. No orator and I could not endure the atmosphere. Met Anthony Trollope. Same as ever. Interviews with General Banks, Spofford and Stillson. Latter took me over building and to Vinnie Ream's studio. Trollope called in evening. Met Chief Justice Chase, a fine looking man.

May 27. Visited the White House; like a big hotel; then to treasury; Spinner very polite. * Charming visit at Charles Sumner's house; he was very cordial, etc.

May 28. Anthony Trollope called and went with us to the capitol. Williams finished and Everts began his speech after skirmish between Butler and Nelson. Took my last breath of capitol air. The Spoffords and Mary Clemmer Ames called. Left for New York in night train. Not one wink of sleep. *Sleeping cars, are they?*

home to her than any other place in the world. It was in 1868, when she was in her thirtieth year.

Every moment of her life was more or less eventful. She was never at rest. Upon first meeting Mr. W. D. Howells she writes that the young poet, not yet established as *the* American novelist, "is very sweet in disposition and so sympathetic." Thirty-odd years of happy successes have only intensified these charming characteristics.

Before her life was half spent Kate Field was weary of it. She did not weary of well-doing; she attempted to do more than her frail physique was equal to. She was worn out, and in a good cause; and not one only, but many of them. She was born in St. Louis,* only daughter of Joseph M. and Eliza Riddle Field, once well known members of the dramatic profession. She received her early education in Boston, Massachusetts; but at the age of sixteen was taken to Florence, Italy, where for five years, under the care of Miss Iza Blagden—poet and novelist and most intimate friend of Elizabeth Barrett Browning—she was the favorite of a circle of celebrities that could not be duplicated in this day and generation. She lived with Miss Blagden in the Villa Bellosgrande, on the heights where the Hawthornes once lived. She was often the guest of the Brownings at Casa Guidi. She studied music under Garcia; Walter Savage Landor taught her Latin; the Trollopes were her neighbors; George Eliot and Mr. Lewes took the deepest interest in her development. Was ever "Sweet Sixteen" in a more enviable environment? And she had brains to back it. Later in life Kate Field entered the charmed circle in London and in Paris; but the Florentine aroma ever hovered near her; she was the product of the highest culture and refinement.

In 1869, January 5th., Kate Field wrote in her Diary:

THIS was Kate Field's first visit to the city that was to become more like

I'm just as down-hearted as I can be, but nobody knows it. I feel as Mrs. Browning felt when she wrote that pathetic poem, "My Heart and I."

*"How tired we are — my heart and I —
We seem of no use in the world."*

What a game life is! And is it worth the candle? When I'm alone,—

"I am the doubter and the doubt."

Father, be near and help me. Let me be useful if I cannot be happy. To expect recognition or happiness is folly. I have many who call themselves friends, but — oh, I wish not for much, but more than I shall ever get. This is my cross. I must learn to bear it without murmuring. Amen.

There was in her life a heart tragedy the secret of which she never confided to the world. But the memory of this was not all that overshadowed her spirit at times. She probably was never quite satisfied with any of her achievements. She aimed high; she believed, or she feared, that she had never hit the mark.

She had written, in a moment of enthusiasm, some verses to Charlotte Cushman: she had shown them to her friends; they were published; then she anxiously awaited the several verdicts that were rendered. The reader can judge of her state of mind when she thus unbosoms herself in her journal:

Miss Cushman tells Mrs. Mears that the verses are very clever indeed; the Gazette publishes them; Lincoln Emerson, a finely educated man and teacher, says they are good; Mr. Spofford, I hear, acknowledges something approving; I hear something else. What am I to infer? That they are trash, or good enough for me to try again? "Alas! poor Yorick!" I will persevere in spite of everything, and wait for time to bring approval. I cannot think that I have all this desire for authorship, all this love for it, and yet no glimmering of talent. I should be perfectly miserable if I thought that I could never write. I can better bear the thought that I can never sing, and this makes me think that I can or will write better than I can sing. After all I prefer the fame of an author. The singer or actor, if successful, reaps

golden harvests, is feted for the time being; but death knocks at the door and drives away friends, fame, all. No sooner dead than forgotten. A few remember the genius; but the next generation know of no such person, save that the *Cyclopedia* devoted a few lines to her, and some author may refer to her as having been great. How fleeting, how sad, is such fame! But the author, how different! He makes not a fortune, perhaps, his life may not be so great a triumph; but his brain work is strewn all over the world, he is everybody's friend and companion, everybody loves him, he is a universal benefactor; and death, instead of ending his career of good, gradually increases it, until his name becomes most sacred. No fame is so lasting as that of a great author. Marble crumbles, canvas defaces, the voice is hushed, action still, but thought is eternal; books must be renewed. Viewing it in this light, there can be but one choice; but if I could be both, this is what I long for. Are the two incompatible? I think they minister one to another. And then it must be so glorious to inspire thousands of people instantaneously with the same feelings by which you are excited; to sway so many human beings by a power superior to them. Oh, it must be sweet to taste, and delightful as it is fleeting! If I must make a choice, it will be for authorship — that is, if I have the necessary materials to work with. I wonder what the future will bring forth. It is well perhaps that I cannot read it.

On the evening of November 14, 1874, in Booth's Theater, New York, Kate Field made her first appearance on the stage as Peg Woffington in the popular play of that name. The house was packed from pit to dome with a brilliant and enthusiastic audience and the debutante was buried alive in flowers. She seemed at last, in her thirty-sixth year, to have achieved the triumph which she had ever longed for. Congratulatory notes from her literary and artistic friends were showered upon her. It was her golden hour—but an hour only. The theater was closed for the season after the second night. Her friend Lilian Whiting believes that her failure to please the public — her friends were, of course,

full of hope and cheer—was her inability to act as was then the fashion of English and American actors; with her there was no posturing or mouthing; she was naturalness itself. The play-goers of this country had not yet been schooled in art so refined. Kate Field, herself, believed she should have been placed on the stage at the age of fifteen and allowed to develop there. Though she had failed to create a favorable impression among habitual play-goers she was on the stage in America and England the greater portion of the seasons of 1874-5 to 1878. She was supported in the leading roles by Mr. Eben Plympton and other actors of reputation and for a time played Laura Hawkins to the Colonel Sellers of John T. Raymond, in Mark Twain's "Gilded Age."

She appeared in her own comediettas, "The Opera Box" and "Extremes Meet." London critics spoke of her beautiful singing both in English and French; and one added: "She produces her voice in a pure, lark-like and thrilling manner, and excels particularly in expression; and by *nuances* of phrasing adds to, or illustrates, the beauty of really fine passages. She is a pupil of Manuel Garcia, Malibran's brother, who predicts for her a brilliant future on the stage."

O! the fallibility of prophecy! She was praised for her graceful and sprightly dancing and for the distinguished air with which she wore her beautiful gowns. She was ever a smart dresser.

FOR years her services were in demand in the Lyceum circuit that had then lapped from sea to sea. She had a relish for every palate; even the epicurean could not complain. She lectured on "America for Americans," "Despised Alaska," "Charles Dickens," "Mormonism, Past and Present" and "The Intemperance of Prohibition." In the last lecture she pricked the toy balloons of the fanatical reformers and teetotalism

toppled in its tracks. The New York Press said of her, in a notice of this lecture: "It is always safe to trust Kate Field's rare endowment of common sense — which Guizot rightly calls the genius of humanity — her purity of purpose and moral heroism. In this age, not lacking superficiality and shams, it is good to know of a representative woman in whose theories and practice there may be felt such entire confidence; whose ideals are not the effervescent emotions of the sensational reformer, but are, rather, serene and steadfast, because they are based on practicable methods, clear intellectual insight, and noble motives."

Kate Field's voice, and her use of it, were very greatly admired. She has said:

I am often asked "who taught you elocution?" as though good English and distinct enunciation were the result of much work and more money. If there is one word more repelling than all others to an actor, or to the descendant of actors, it is the word "elocution." And the methods by which so-called elocution is attained are equally obnoxious. It is saying a good deal, but, probably, outside of patent medicines, there is no humbug so great as characterizes nine-tenths of elocutionary teaching. Men and women, utterly-incapable of speaking one sentence naturally, undertake to make public speakers. With what result? Pulpit, bar, rostrum and stage teem with speakers who mouth, orate, tear a passion to tatters, but never hold the mirror up to nature. It is a grievous evil. That elocution can be taught scientifically I have no doubt, but I know that most teachers are to be shunned as you would shun the plague.

I believe most emphatically in blood. Both my father and mother were actors, belonging to what today is called the natural school. I owe to Charles Dickens, Charles Fichter and Adelaide Ristori lessons in the only art of speaking—nature. Listening, when very young, to those great artists, night after night, was equal to a liberal education. Inensibly, but not the less surely, they produced a great effect upon me. "Be natural, be natural, be natural," was the only rule laid down by my dear mother,

whose speaking voice was music.

I was taught to sing and of course this instruction has been of great benefit to me in speaking. My masters have been the greatest in Europe and I think of them with profound respect.

If you can only make speakers understand that it is *distinctness of enunciation* and *not shouting* that is needed in order to be heard, you will be a benefactor. Whenever I go into a large hall or theater, I speak not louder but more slowly, so that one word may reach distant ears before another is spoken. For this reason my lectures are ten or fifteen minutes longer in one place than in another. The two most delightful places in which I have spoken are the Mormon theater at Salt Lake City and the Philadelphia Academy of Music, both the result of — accident!

As I think of her now it seems to me that Kate Field could have never known a really idle moment in her life. If her body was in repose, her mind was active and her brain was busy with one or another of the many plans she was evolving and usually deeply concerned in. Like a trained juggler, with her two hands filled, she could still keep half a dozen projects revolving in the air; nor was any one of them suffered to lie idle, or slip behind its fellow: had this happened the whole would have ended in calamity and the juggler sought retirement in confusion. It does not follow that she was not attempting to do too much. I think no one who knew her well was in the least surprised when, on New Year's day, 1890, she issued the initial number of "Kate Field's Washington," the greater part of which was filled with contributions from her own pen. In its first issue she declared her creed and she stood loyally by it during the five years of the paper's brilliant but financially unprofitable existence:

KATE FIELD'S "CREDO"

I believe in Washington as the hub of a great nation.

I believe that the capital of a republic

of sixty millions (1890) of human beings is the locality for a review knowing no sectional prejudices and loving truth better than party.

I believe that "men and women are eternally equal and eternally different;" hence I believe there is a fair field in Washington for a national weekly edited by a woman.

I believe in home industries; in a reduced tariff; in civil service reform; in extending our commerce; in American shipping; in strengthening our army and navy; in temperance which does not mean enforcing total abstinence on one's neighbor; in personal liberty.

I believe in literature, art, science, music and the drama, as handmaids of civilization.

I believe society should be the best expression of humanity.

I believe in a religion of deeds.

"Kate Field's Washington" was backed by friendly financiers; its columns were contributed to by distinguished members of various professions; to read her interviews with all sorts and conditions of men and women was like having the two ends of a telephone at one's own ears. The department called "The Players" was most diverting, and sometimes a player would write his own interview, which is perhaps, all things considered, the most satisfactory of all the modern methods employed in this line of journalism.

It was while Kate Field was publishing her Washington and making her home in the sky-parlors of the Shoreham, that I first met her. Our fellowship was spontaneous: I cannot imagine her standing upon ceremony with anyone of whom she knew anything whatever. She was too much of a cosmopolite for that. Frank D. Millet, the artist-author, was her dear friend and mine and he first brought us together at my rooms in the Catholic University. Our friendship seemed to have been without beginning, and it is surely to be without end: So she very shortly wrote me.

Dear Mr. Poet: If it doesn't rain, Mrs. McPherson (wife of the New Jersey senator) and I are coming to see you tomorrow (Monday) afternoon. If it rains, look out for us on Wednesday.

K. F.

Of course our little visit was a jolly one. She seemed always to be at concert pitch when people were present. When I went to visit her at the Shoreham, I found her rooms a very nest of literary wares. It was a work-shop, not a place of rest. It was a hurly-burly with a weary woman in the midst thereof. There was a piano — a concert-grand — her pride and joy and consolation; one had to wend his way to it between chairs and tabourettes laden with heaps of manuscripts and exchanges. In that highly attractive den there was hardly a place where one might venture to seat himself, even if urged to do so by the hostess who paused for a moment to give a kindly welcome. From the windows the eye soared over the treetops and saw that most impressive of all memorials, the Washington Monument, sublime in its simplicity, with perhaps a low-hanging cloud trailing across the summit; and beyond it Arlington Heights, with the Potomac ebbing and flowing at its feet. It was most alluring, that glimpse of the Virginia hills from her sanctum, but I doubt if she often paused to dwell upon it with her tired eyes. And yet this is the woman who said:

It seems to me that one of the greatest delights of life to a thinking mind must be a study, — a room religiously your own, the open sesame of which is a charm to be broken by none else; a sanctuary to which you retire to ponder, weep, write, read, pray, knowing that there you may indulge your feelings as the emotions and passions dictate, and no one will dare intrude — no one will scrutinize you, save the all-wise, omnipresent God. For such a retreat have I ever sighed. * * * When at home I like to be alone, to collect my thoughts, to read and write. The presence of another person renders me so nervous that I am almost ready to fly; it grates so

upon my feelings that I am completely upset and can do nothing. The more I attempt to fight off these feelings the fiercer is the battle, and I at length have decided that I am constituted thus, and that it is entirely useless to "kick against the pricks." What person is there that does not sometimes desire to shut the door upon all the world?

She never did, to my knowledge. From a package of notelets before me, addressed to me, I clip a line here and there:

When did you become so coy? You know you are always welcome. *

Will you belong and come in and howl for free art? *

Hope you are enjoying yourself — I am not. Good weather for ducks. *

I am still rioting in dust and dismay — but come in and dine on Wednesday. *

Dear Recluse, does it ever occur to you that I am within visiting distance? *

Such notes as these flew from her pen like shot from a Gatling gun.

The Shoreham, Dec. 28, '91. Well, here we are again! just arrived. Will you dine with me on Dec. 31st, at 7 o'clock? I may start for Frisco next week to be absent nearly a month. Say yes, and come in your store clothes.

K. F.

I had called to tell her that I could not dine with her on New Year's Eve but she was absent: This followed:

The Shoreham, 30th Dec., '91. You dreadful man! Not hearing from you I assumed that you had gone away for the holidays and accepted a business dinner engagement at *xx*! But I'll be back at 8:30 (New Year's eve) so come at nine and we'll have supper later, and I'll ask Mr. Graham. There is to be a dance at 9:30 in the house and we can help that along a bit. Telephone me that it's all right and you'll come and forgive me for your neglect of my note until the eleventh hour. Sincerely, K. F.

She was interested in every question before the public, almost as much interested as if it concerned herself. So she wrote:

June 9, 1891. I want to see you very much. I've a hard nut I want you to help me crack. When can you come and dine on an evening? Hastily, K. F.

Before I could reply, this followed:

* * I want to know what liberal Catholics think about that attempt to keep nations intact inside of this republic and have them taught their own language by their own priests. It seems to me outrageous and I intend to say so. Shall I have any support among Catholics? Pope Leo makes an awful mistake. God's vicegerent ought to know better. Sincerely, KATE FIELD.

I don't remember what happened in consequence of this sad state of affairs, but a few days later I received the following:

So glad you are loafing and inviting your soul — well, I'm so plunged in this world's moils I don't know whether there is anything of me for the next. Enjoy yourself.

She had very much at heart the question of free art, and was deeply interested in the Art Loan Exhibit in Washington, 1892. Heaven knows how many letters like the following she wrote in behalf of each:

DEAR POET: You are elected and you are to come in on Thursday to be at the Shoreham at 10 a. m. There, in the banquet hall of the hotel, you will meet your old chum Frank D. Millet and others and we'll all go together to the Convention at 10:30. The White House follows the Loan Exhibit and the Corcoran Gallery receives in the evening with Vice President and Mrs. Morton. Tell Archbishop Keane and Bishop O'Gorman to come also. I shall read a letter from Cardinal Gibbons. Say you'll come. You can be useful as well as entertaining. Sincerely KATE FIELD.

A few days later:

DEAR SAVAGE, will you dine with me on Tuesday next and meet a few friends. Please telegraph. Stay all night at the Shoreham and be my guest.

Every little while she was away on business. She wrote from Minneapolis:

DEAR MR. POET, — Where am I? Fifteen hundred miles away! Read K. F.'s W. and you'll get a tolerable idea of my eccentric orbit. I went from Washington the first week in August to Long Beach, L. I., where I remained a month; and then went to St. Louis in a private car. Thence to this place where I am visiting Senator and Mrs. Washburn. Next week I go to Sioux City, Iowa, to lecture on "The Intemperance of Prohibition" and to see the Corn Palace. After that more lectures and more travel. When I return no fellow can find out but I'll let you know of course, and gladly shake hands. I'll help that friend you wrote about if I can.

Sincerely, KATE FIELD.

She was always helping somebody and did a vast amount of good that her neighbors never knew of. To a stranger, one of the numberless, who had written to Kate Field complaining of her own weary life and comparing it with the life she believed Kate to be leading, went this reproof:

If you knew how over-burdened my life has been from childhood, you would have more charity for those who are apparently successful, and would discover that yours is not the worst fate in the world. I contend that we must all bear our burdens cheerfully without complaint, and do the best we can under the circumstances. I have not one moment to spare.

I had written her suggesting that among her unique interviews she include one with the apostolic delegate. It was some time before I heard from her and then she wrote from Johnstown, New York:

Yes, that is where I am. Your letter arrived as I was about to depart on a ten days lecturing trip, which will account for my masterly inactivity. By the time I get back (D. V.) the inauguration will fill my alleged mind and not before March 7th can I think of an apostolic delegate. By that time he will have hied him to fresh Fields unprefixed by Kate. If not, I will consider your ornate proposition. As I'm built on the Doric plan of architecture I don't take kindly to your Corinthian furbelows, but we'll

see. Such an intricate game requires not one candle but a dynamo.

Too bad you are still unwell. If you lived more in harmony with your nature, you'd be better, but it's useless to wrestle with such a distorted being as you are.

Know that I have your *South Sea Idyls* with me and I subscribe to Howells' praise. Your sketches are charming and unaffected and ought to sell, saving that they are too good and you are not the fashion. If I had a salon and were rich, I'd make Washington run after you, but I'm a woman without a purse, a much less reputable creature than a man without a country. I might have had the purse but the price was too high. It cost self-respect. People who live poetry are more poetical than those who write it. They pay the penalty of poverty and misunderstanding — which serves them right for not floating with the current. Rowing up stream may develop muscle, but it's hard on Eli, if he wants to "get there."

Eat beef and drink a pint of hot water one hour before every meal. Stop smoking cigarettes and limit yourself to three cigars a day after meals.

Of course you won't. Sincerely,
KATE FIELD.

The letter contained some newspaper clippings and this postscript:

Here are a few jokes between splices of the main brace. K. F.

I had written for Kate Field's Washington two articles on Robert Louis Stevenson: they are now included in a volume of my sketches entitled "Exits and Entrances." She wrote me:

Feb. 14, '95. DEAR VALENTINE: Your papers are delightful and are worth \$250. That's what I wish I could send you. I feel very proud to publish so charming a glimpse of a great man. You are entitled to all the papers you want at any time and orders are so given at the office. The Stevenson articles are most valuable and I only wish I could make it worth your while to be a constant contributor.

I live in hope.

I've heard so much praise of your articles on Robert Louis Stevenson it makes me ache to have money enough to ask

you to become a regular contributor. O! why have I been cheated out of my fortune?

Discipline can go too far.

Later, in another letter, she added:

I have written to Mr. Kohlsatt of the Chicago Times-Herald about you. I told him that you were unique, and that, if I had money, I should give you a mighty good salary as a regular correspondent.

All this was voluntary on her part; she was always trying to help others. In June '95, she wrote:

DEAR POET: I have mislaid your letter sent to me when I was in Newport contesting a will. Jury disagreed, of course, because my claim was righteous. My cousin refuses to join me in a second trial and I am forced thereby to let crime triumph.

Such is life!

I am packing up to go to Chicago and thence to Hawaii. Won't you come and see me before I leave? If not at the Shoreham I'll be at this office. If you'll dine with me on Sunday without ceremony at 7 p. m. so much the better.

With all good wishes. Ever yours
Sincerely, KATE FIELD.

Can you give me letters or suggestions for Hawaii?

On one occasion, being puzzled concerning the genus to which a new acquaintance belonged, I wrote, perhaps ingenuously, to ask if my friend could classify her for me. She at once replied:

DEAR TWO-YEAR-OLD: It is the very woman! I know her. C-A-T! — is the recollection. Beware! K. FIELD.

The last letter I received from her was written at Salt Lake City. She had taken the deepest interest in everything relating to John Brown of Harper's Ferry: had written me something, or said something to me which, apparently, I had misunderstood. I forget just what it was, but in this last letter to me she wrote as follows:

Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 28th, 1895.

DEAR SAVAGE: I never dreamed of

your helping the John Brown fort. Don't you suppose I know how many uses you have for your hard-earned salary? All I meant was, could you suggest anything? I have raised almost all the money, and the fort is now going up at Harper's Ferry. I wish that you could take a Sunday off and go up there and see what is being done and tell me what you think of the situation.

If you can, if you will call at the B. and O. ticket office and ask for the gen'l pass'gr ag't, who is very nice and very good-looking: and show him this letter and tell him who you are, I am sure he will give you a pass both ways. If you have not visited Harper's Ferry, you ought, for it is one of the loveliest spots in the United States.

Owing to the report of cholera I have been detained in Salt Lake City, and I look upon it as fate, for the most crucial period of history in this territory has arrived. I am doing what I can to prevent statehood, but I shall not succeed, for both parties are playing into the hands of the Mormons and will vote for it on the 5th of November.

Immediately after the election I go to San Francisco, where I shall stop a few days at the Occidental and there go on to Honolulu. Mr. Thurston has invited me to visit him, but I think that I ought not to commit myself to either party in the beginning. Will the Honolulu Hotel be good quarters, and have they means there of keeping away mosquitoes? I absolutely dread those beasts.

Hoping that the world is treating you as well as it can under the circumstances, believe me, Ever sincerely,

KATE FIELD

HERE ended our correspondence. Her life in Hawaii, a brief half-year in length, ended abruptly in a death which might almost be called suicidal. She would travel and she would work when all the while she should have been resting. Her friend and companion, Miss Anna Paris, who was with her at the last, wrote: "Oh! the pathos of it all, the lonely coast, the eager, burning desire to see everything, the struggle for strength, the final enforced giving up of her effort—she gave herself no rest." If you would know the pitiful surrender of that strong

soul, read Lilian Whiting's 'Kate Field: A Record.' I need not detail it here.

She died on the 19th of May, 1896, in the fifty-seventh year of her age. She once said: "I want to live every day as if it were my last," she also said: "I am a cremationist, because I believe cremation is not only the healthiest and cleanest, but the most poetical way of disposing of the dead. Whoever prefers loathsome worms to ashes, possesses a strange imagination." Therefore was she cremated; and her inurned ashes rest in the sunniest corner of Mount Auburn cemetery beside those of her parents and her brother.

Someone asked leave to include Kate Field in a series of sketches called "Women of Today." She declared: "If I am anything I am a woman of tomorrow." She was a woman and a worker for any and every day!

She put this on record: "I sometimes think it is a great misfortune that I was not born a boy, for then any and every employment would be open to me, and I could gain sufficient to support my mother and self."

And this:

Oh, if I were a man! I pity myself, indeed, I do. There is not an ambition, a desire, a feeling, a thought, an impulse, an instinct that I am not obliged to crush. And why? because I am a woman, and a woman must content herself with indoor life, with sewing and babies. Well, they pretend to say that God intended women to be just what they are. I say that He did not, that men have made women what they are, and if they attribute their doings to the Almighty, they lie. The time will come, but my grave will be many centuries old. * * * Well, excelsior, time will work a cure for all things but the heart-ache.

In another mood she wrote:

You are mistaken when you think I can take care of myself. I don't like to; I want someone to love me, to take an interest in me, someone to whom I can say, "What do you think?" someone to kiss and tease and scold me.

It is interesting to know what this confirmed bachelor-maid thought of the marriage state. To her aunt she wrote:

You say your only ambition for me is to see me *well* married. Do you think that so easy? I've had several escapes from matrimony, for which I thank God. A life of ambition is a terrible grind, you say. And how about most marriages? Are not they terrible grinds? Do you realize what would happen if I married and made a mistake? I do. I believe in love. I don't believe in being tied to a man whom I cease to love. Therefore the less said to me about marriage the better. If I marry, there's no knowing the misery in store for me, so don't think that the panacea. My observation makes me afraid of lifelong experiments.

On another occasion she said: "Marriage is a panacea — very good when right — terrible when wrong. I have escaped several probabilities of misery, and am to be congratulated." And yet again:

In this free and easy country men and women marry early and often, for the reason that they can be very much married in some states and not at all in others, while few precautions are taken against fraud. Were marriage made more difficult, there would be fewer unhappy households. Then divorces would be less frequent, and special legislation, which is always dangerous, would be unnecessary. What this Republic needs is a national marriage law.

Kate Field was of Catholic parentage and was baptized a Catholic. She had what Miss Whiting has called the "inspirational temperament." Miss Field once wrote to a friend:

As to being helped in writing, I'm almost sure of it. I never know in advance

what I'm going to say. In fact, I approach every subject in fear and trembling, and am always astonished when anything comes. Inspiration means something or nothing. If it means something, it means that a spiritual influence obsesses the mortal intellect. It always seems to me idiotic for people to be conceited about their own achievements, when so much is due to unknown influences.

I wonder how many facile, fluent writers there are who will question that?

Kate Field never whined, but she was at last forced to confess: "The fact is, I have been overworked all my life." She said: "It is hard to live,—harder than to die, I think;" and once more: "I have no patience with those who nurse their grief and prove their faith in Christianity by acting as though there were no life or hope beyond mortality."

The dying woman, the victim of her unflagging zeal and a spirit that defied defeat, was brought from Hawaii to Honolulu on one of the inter-island steamers. Lillian Whiting has said in her story of Kate Field's life, when recounting the fleeting moments of those last sad hours:

"With her in her state-room and lying by her side, was a copy of Charles Warren Stoddard's 'Hawaiian Life: or Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes,' — the last book her hand ever touched. Afterward Miss Paris very kindly gave the little volume to the friend who, of all on earth, held Kate in the most tender and devoted love." The reader of sensibility will easily imagine my emotion when Miss Whiting, in her study at The Brunswick in Boston, placed, for a moment, that volume in my hands.

WHAT do you suppose I would intimate to you in a hundred ways, but that man or woman is as good as God?

And that there is no God any more divine than Yourself?

And that that is what the oldest and newest myths finally mean?

And that you or anyone must approach Creations through such laws?

— Walt Whitman, "Laws for Creations."



The AMERICAN SPIRIT

By Jasper Barnett Cowdin

NO wonder, bards, we lag on tiring wing,
And fancy lies a mud-bespattered bird!
This Yankee spirit is the swiftest thing
Old earth has seen or drowsy nations heard.

Before its onset fall our lyric themes:
The lawless loves of satyr and of faun,
Our empty longings and our shopworn dreams—
Where is their romance in this magic dawn?

This daring spirit spins its shining threads
Along unpeopled prairies; boldly throws
A web across the canyoned river beds;
Nor daunted, pushes past eternal snows—

Unbars a passage through forbidding towers,
And shakes a saucy finger at the steep;
Then down through bowery maze of vines and flowers —
Down where the broadly blue Pacific sleeps.

Step in the wheel-borne palace and away!
Though luxury and comfort be complete;
Already is Invention turning gray
To make the rushing marvel obsolete.

Speed on for days in your delightful train,
And note how wizard Irrigation pours
A glassy consolation o'er the plain,
Where hosts of trees bend with their luscious stores.

Before Amazement opens wide her eyes,
Where yestermorn the coyote loped his way,
The desert greens into a paradise,
And cities spring to birth in one brief day.

Here once the lonely prairie schooner crept;
Here once the homesick miner's shack appeared;
Beneath the vacant sands an empire slept;
Next morn a granite savings bank upreared!

From nothingness a Babel gathered sound;
The sturdy pioneers endured their ills.
Prosperity now softens all the ground;
Clean cities lift their whiteness to the hills.

Why should this people hearken to a crow,
While all the blue's alive with tuneful beaks?
The air's a song! They lift their eyes, and so
Drink in the purple joy of distant peaks.

Here active youth is made the overlord,
Nor maiden leadership e'er deemed a sin;
Strong are their hearts, and failure is a word
That merely means some other way will win.

They can adapt themselves to any view,
And win success in spite of ill mischance;
The secret lies in knowing what to do,
Poised on the sudden edge of circumstance.

To guard their rights alert as any scout,
A broad equality of purpose rings,
True to the Constitution, in and out —
The bootblack's pride doth match the railway king's.

This spirit laughs a challenge in the face
Of custom and tradition; dares to meet
The strength of any continent or race:
By right they boast who never knew defeat.

Ho, poets! bowing still at ancient shrines,
Dead are the oracles to whom ye pray.
Let the new spirit vivify your lines;
Though far in ebb of it—up and away!



The Salt of the Earth



By Edwin Carlile Litsey

Author of "The Love Story of Abner Stone"

LEBANON, KENTUCKY

VI

THE GLAD HOUR

IVY LODGE lay drowsily content in its verdant nest. The Summer day had been a fitting masque of light and shadow. From earliest morning, when the shy buds had opened in response to the love-touch of soft-fingered dawn, tiny streams of perfume had rolled unceasingly from calyx and stamen; out over scarlet and blue and crimson and white and yellow petals they had poured, mingling their many odors into one great, encompassing sea of sweetness. This sea had expanded, for it knew no confines and no barriers, and had surrounded, deluged, drugged the house, the garden and the lawn. It had been a day of uninterrupted quiet. The sun had shone warmly and generously; the feathered tenants had visited each other and had chatted volubly in the shrubbery and in the trees. The humming bird, a shimmering line of iridescent flame, had darted from flower to flower, boldly thrusting its tongue in the open doors where the sweets were stored. Some of the more timid blossoms had closed up at midday, resenting the too ardent caresses of their celestial lover. Throughout it all the old house slept, as with the memory of the blessed days when it had owned a mistress. As twilight dropped down like a mothering bird, and spread soft, hushed wings of scented shadow over the low roof, blessing

mutely the sorrow and the hope which abode beneath it, it seemed as though this was an enchanted place, the product of some magician's wand.

Very slowly through the gathering dusk a solitary figure climbed the hill leading down into town. The two years had bent old Roger Croft. He leaned forward from the waist, and his shoulders had drawn closer together over his chest. His hair was white and long; it hung in elfin ringlets about his ears and upon the collar of his coat. His steps were short and the stick he carried bore a great deal of his weight. Turning in at the gate, he walked half way up the gravelled path leading to the front porch, then stopped and, removing his soft black hat, looked about him. He was returning from his daily trip to the postoffice. Every day since that night when he had sent his own flesh and blood from him — every day at this hour he had gone and asked for a letter. Every day for two years he had come back up the hill with a new pain in his heart. Today his kindly face was irradiated with a joy beatific. In his left hand he held tightly an envelope, the first message from his son! He stood for a few moments bareheaded, his heart welling over with gratitude to the Giver who sends what is best in his own good time. "I have tried to be patient, Lord!" he murmured; "I thank Thee!"

A few minutes later he lit his study lamp with hands palsied by excitement. Adjusting his glasses with trembling fingers, he opened and read the letter. It was rather long and was written with a faulty pencil, but with his shaking forefinger guiding his eyes from word to succeeding word, Roger read the missive from one end to the other. All alone, save with the deathless memories which the years only served to bring closer and make dearer, he sat with the tip of his finger resting beneath the last word, "Daniel," and the tears ran down the furrows which time had made for them. So still he sat, fearing to move lest the spell be broken and he find that he had been dreaming. Scarcely did he dare to breathe, so overwhelming was this news for which he had waited and prayed. Rising at last, slowly and with effort, and taking the sheets of the letter with him, his feet moved to that sacred inner room. Outside, the twilight was slowly deepening into dark. But in the furthest west the afterglow still shone, and toward this Roger Croft set his face in silent prayer. By their window — hers and his — he knelt, and joining his hands upon the window-ledge, he gave thanks from the fullness of a grateful heart. Then he fell to talking in low, sweet tones. Ah! how often had he talked to her since she went away, in that secret, inner room set apart to the memory of her. He had told her of his efforts, his trials, his failures, and when the climax of misfortune came he had told her that, too. It was what made the day worth living — to come to her at twilight. He told her that their boy — her son — was a man again; that he had been purified as by fire, and that soon he was coming home. And presently through the window a star beamed forth, a sign of reassurance and of hope.

VII

THE STRENGTH OF THE SOIL

To Daniel, inured to toil and accustomed to constant action, the enforced idleness of the next few days was irksome and depressing. It was poor employment watching a sick man of low birth and brutal tendencies, who never thanked him for his attentions and who was at all times surly and morose. Brewster accused Daniel of taking his place away from him and throwing him out of work. Daniel promptly

freed his mind of this idea, and stated that it was his intention to leave just as soon as the sufferer could get out. But the gulf between the two men remained too wide for anything like comradeship, and Daniel stuck to his post because he had started out to do so and because his ministrations were in part expiation. The long, hot Summer days seemed endless. He had no books; he held himself in the background from choice, and his own mind just then gave but ineffectual consolation.

One day, shortly after dinner, the heat became so dreadful that he resolved to go down to the river and swim. He started out with boyish haste, passing through the garden, leaping over the rock fence at the bottom of it and going straight down the hill to the lane. This was narrow and dusty, with strips of green growing up to the fence on either side. To his right, ranks upon ranks of corn stretched as far as his eye could see; tender ears were pushing out their heads at the bases of some of the leaves. To his left was the field which he had so recently shorn of wheat. At its further end he could see one stack up and another rising, while two wagons hauled to the stacking place the shocks of golden sheaves. Crossing the mill-race over a rustic bridge, a few more steps brought him to the brink of the river. It was low in its bed, for the dry season was on. From where he stood he might have crossed by leaping from rock to rock. Setting his face up-stream, he moved on, seeking some quiet, deep pool where the shade would protect him from the blistering sun-rays. Presently he found one to his satisfaction, and removing his clothing yielded his body to the cool, caressing embrace of the water.

Actuated by a characteristic conceit, which apparently had no foundation and no reason, Madeline Delford upon that same afternoon announced quite unexpectedly that she was going blackberrying, and asked her cousin, Miss Janet, to accompany her. But Miss Janet refused peremptorily. She was afraid of snakes. She had known people to get snake-bitten while picking berries, and she would not go for anything in the world. Madeline appealed to her aunt. Mrs. Delford said that there was no one on the place she could spare, but that the darkies had told her there was a large patch just back of the barn, and her niece might go there by herself, as it was within calling distance of the house. So Madeline, determined and undismayed, arrayed herself in a poke sunbonnet and stout gloves, procured a gallon tin bucket and a pint tin cup from the kitchen and sallied forth, casting a sharp glance at the cottage as she passed it. Climbing the fence running parallel with the barn, she cast her eyes about for the blackberry patch. It was not in sight, but farther down the hill she saw some rank bushes which appeared to be bearing fruit. Thither she boldly bent her steps, and in a few moments found herself encompassed by briars and busily picking away. It was a new experience to her and was great fun. The insistent brambles laid hold of her sleeves and her skirt with impudent clutch, leaving little rents in the fabric when she forcibly withdrew her garments from their tenacious hold. But she did not mind this so long as she got her berries. She had plenty of money with which to buy other frocks, and she resolved to fill her pail before returning to the house. Neither did she see any snakes. Occasionally a drunken bee would tumble from his banquet before her fingers, or a slim red wasp would sail away as her hand approached his feast, but nothing more formidable appeared. Time and again as she worked away she would transfer a particularly ripe and tempting berry to her mouth instead of her cup; but this was fair and natural, and if her lips were stained a deeper crimson it did not matter.

When she had worked all through and around the patch, invading its spiked recesses with intrepid hardihood, and mercilessly plundering the heavily laden

vines, she discovered all at once that the afternoon was far advanced and that her bucket of berries was still an inch or two below the rim. She noted this fact with dismay, because she wanted to bring it home brimming full and dropping over the edge. Looking about perplexedly for other fields to conquer, she saw, in a fence corner a few yards down in the lane, some bushes dotted with black specks. The sun was still an hour high and she could fill her bucket in fifteen minutes. With the sense that she was taking a little risk to add spice to her adventure, she descended the hill. How delicious were the new berries! How large and plump and juicy! From fence corner to fence corner she went, plucking feverishly and going further and further down the lane. Then suddenly, by that sixth sense which as yet has no name, she knew that she was in danger. There had been no sound, no warning, no intimation of any kind, but through all her being there had run a swift, subtle shock. Withdrawing from the fence corner quietly, Madeline looked first down the lane. There was no living thing in sight. Naturally she turned her eyes in the contrary direction, and she dropped her bucket and gave a short, sharp, involuntary scream of fright at what she saw. A large dog was trotting down the lane. That in itself would not have caused her alarm, for she knew and loved the dogs at the farm, and they were all her friends. But this brute was mad, rabid. Foamy froth dropped from his gnashing jaws; he would snap viciously at the very weeds as he went by them, and once he turned and bit himself with a terrible snarl.

When Madeline saw all this she screamed and stood still, horror-stricken. She had heard that to be bitten by a mad dog was to die a most painful death, but her feet were rooted to the sod upon which she stood. Fright had simply paralyzed her. She strove to run—to cry out again, but she could neither move nor speak. And every moment that ugly, loathsome shape was coming closer. She was standing immediately in its path and it could not pass without going around her. Suddenly she heard rapid footsteps behind her, and the sound restored her volition and gave her courage. Turning her head, she beheld the form of the new overseer sprinting along the narrow path in the center of the lane as though he was competing for the championship in a quarter-mile dash. He was still some distance off; the dog was twice as near. But the man, with his arms to his sides and his head and body thrust forward was running ten feet to the dog's two. And all this was indeed well for the girl. Just before he reached her the man stopped quickly, picked up a piece of rail, then took his stand between her and the oncoming terror without a word, his impromptu weapon drawn over his shoulder, ready to strike. Madeline moved back a few paces and steadied herself on a projecting corner of the fence. With eyes wide apart from doubt and fear, and two delicate lines drawn from the corners of her nostrils to the corner of her mouth, she waited for the impending conflict, murmuring over and over again a simple prayer for the safety of her protector.

The rabid brute came swinging on with his easy trot, a truly terrible foe to face almost empty-handed. Six feet from the figure in his path he stopped, lowered his head, and glared forth hate and guile with his red-rimmed eyes. Then he gnashed his jaws so fiercely that the clicking of his teeth could be plainly heard, executed a slow flank movement and dashed unexpectedly at the man. Daniel was waiting with muscles tense and ready and his eye watching every movement of his opponent. At the proper moment he brought the rail down with all his strength upon the head of the dog, just as it was rising from the ground in an attempt to reach his throat. The blow struck square, and the brute was hurled to the earth with a howl of pain. But the oaken stick, its fibres sapped and weakened by having been exposed to the weather for many years, broke off short, and the man was left with

his bare hands to finish the battle. He had no time to drag another rail from the fence so close at hand, for the dog had not even been stunned by the concussion he had sustained, but arose and made a second rush instantly. There was no parleying and no tactics. The dog rushed in again, foaming and dreadful. The man, summoning all of his courage, waited until the fierce face almost touched his own, then swerved to one side and clenched both of his hands about the throat of the rabid animal. Down they went together. The dog was large and his strength was trebled by his mania. In fearful contortion the two forms wrestled, in the dust of the narrow path and upon the grass at either side of the lane. Had the man's hands slipped an inch the fight would have gone against him, but the sinews and muscles in his encircling fingers never slackened, but contracted more and more instead. This was the might which the soil had given him; Nature was repaying him for his devotion. With set teeth and labored breath Daniel held on. Presently the dog's efforts became less furious, then spasmodic, then feeble. At last they stopped and he lay dead across the chest of his stronger foe.

It was with difficulty Daniel dragged his hands from around the limp neck. His fingers had become set, had clamped themselves in their superhuman hold. He pushed the carcass from him and arose, mechanically brushing the dust from his clothing. Madeline was leaning on the fence with her head in her arms, sobbing. Daniel lifted the lifeless body and threw it over into the corn field, where it would be out of sight. Then he walked toward the girl.

"It's all over," he said gently. The sight of a woman crying unnerved him far more than his recent terrible experience. A renewed burst of weeping was the only answer he received. "It's getting a little late, and I suspect we'd better go home," he suggested, somewhat at random. She raised her head at this, and her answer was as totally unexpected as it was original. Looking straight at him with bright, swimming eyes, and with tear-smudged face, she said impetuously:

"Who are you?"

The man fell back a step and his eyebrows raised in wonderment. Then a half-amused look spread over his face and he raised his bandaged hand—the one which she had dressed and which had played its part in the victory just won. "I'm your uncle's hired man—his overseer; John Daniel, you know."

"You're not John Daniel! Who are you?" There was half a frown on the sweet face, an earnestness which would not permit of prevarication nor quibble.

"I will tell you soon, but not now," he answered. "This is neither the time nor the place. But you shall know, because you want to know and because I want you to, and because I want to know you as your equal." There was a calm dignity in the tones which belied the man's coarse garb but which sat well with the high-bred face and the air of culture which tan and toil could not conceal. Miss Delford's eyes fell.

"Very well," she said in a low tone. "I have known from the first that you were not what you pretended to be. And you will remember that you betrayed yourself the afternoon I bound up your hand. I don't think uncle, nor auntie, nor cousin Janet suspect anything. They are simple folk, but good as refined gold. They took you as you presented yourself—as a farm-hand, and it is no wonder that they have not seen beneath your mask. I have lived in the world and know its people when I see them." Then she broke off with a little shudder. "Where is it?" she asked, looking at the tumbled dust and the trampled grass.

"I have removed it from your sight," he replied very gravely.

"I have not thanked you yet, but I do now," she said, involuntarily taking

a step toward him, and gazing earnestly into his face. "You have saved my life at the risk of your own. I realize fully how heroic you have been; how forgetful of self; and I thank you—thank you with my whole heart and soul. What grand possessions are strength and courage in a man."

"It took both to accomplish what I have done," he answered, quietly, "but I am glad to have been the instrument in the hand of Providence to save you."

She looked at him with a queer expression in her eyes, but said nothing.

"You have been blackberrying," he resumed, picking up her bucket. "You made a mistake in straying so far alone. Come, I will return with you."

As the twilight deepened they went up the lane together. The muffled music of nature's evening orchestra sounded all around them. He helped her climb the hill, and, because the milking was going on in the lot just beyond the barn, he left her before they reached it, with the grateful pressure of her hand tingling his and the memory of her farewell glance before his eyes.

VIII

WHERE MOONLIGHT LINGERS

It was not long before Daniel received an answer to his letter. The perpendicular, angular handwriting was greatly changed since he saw it last; now the lines were wavering and uncertain, denoting that the hand which traced them had become unsteady. A bitter pang smote the man's heart when he saw the familiar though strangely changed superscription. And when, in the privacy of his room, he read the message which his father had sent him, the feelings which surged up in his breast found vent in tears. How enormously had he sinned! How graciously and fully had he been forgiven! Ashamed and repentant, he knelt and prayed.

That evening just after supper, while the Master was marshaling his nightly army of stars, Daniel took Joshua Delford down to the woodpile and talked to him. Daniel did all the talking, but was frequently interrupted by ejaculations of surprise and amazement from the older man. The plain, matter-of-fact tiller of the soil had never guessed the secret which was told him that night. Nor did he seek to doubt Daniel's story. It was simply something very wonderful and unheard-of in his part of the world. As they walked back to the house, the overseer turned to the porch to go around to the front and as Joshua's heavy shoes thumped upon the porch floor, he said as though remarking upon the condition of the weather: "Mad'line, John Dan'l wants to see you 'roun' to the front." The young lady addressed arose and started through the hall without a word, and the farmer occupied his favorite shuck-bottomed chair, tilted it back against the post by which it sat and exploded the news bomb to his wife and daughter.

"Joshua," said Mr. Delford, warningly, when the recital was over, "are you goin' to risk your brother's child goin' with Mr. Dan'l just on his spoken word? How d' we know he ain't a rascal?"

"Oh! I could faint!" gasped Miss Janet, rising for some water.

"He's got his papers, Mandy; he's got his papers. Leastways he says that some writin's come today that'll prove all he says. I brought the letter to 'im myself, an' the name on the cover was wrote by an edicated man. An' Mad'line's twenty-one, I reckon, an' c'n do as she pleases. All I know is that I never had sich

a han' on this place before for plannin' an' workin' an' shapin' things up. An' you must 'low, Mandy, that he don't look like no man we've ever had before."

"He is polite an' genteel," assented Mrs. Delford. But do I understan', Joshua, that he wants to *set* to Mad'line; wants to *wait* on her?"

"He didn't put it jist that way to me, but I reck'n that's what it 'mounts to. He said that he wanted the privilege o' seein' Mad'line, an' talkin' to her, an' since he killed that mad dog down in the lane that was about to take her, I think she likes him purty well."

"You must write to brother Hiram this night, Joshua, an' tell him how things are. It's your solemn duty."

"Tomorrer 'll do, I reck'n," yawned Mr. Delford, ejecting his quid and rising. "It's bedtime now."

"I wouldn't *think* of goin' to bed an' leavin' Mad'line on the portico with Mr. Dan'l!"

"Well, I'm goin'," returned her liege, picking up the gourd dipper for a bedtime draught. "John won't carry her off, I reck'n, without her makin' a little fuss." He promptly thumped indoors.

"Ma," said Janet, in an excited whisper, "you go on to bed. You'll go to sleep sitting in your chair if you don't. Now I must sit up for cousin Madeline anyway, because she will want to tell me all about this Mr. Daniel."

"They didn't carry on this way when I was a girl," remarked Mrs. Delford, rising stiffly. "But girls from the city have ways that we don't know about, it seems. I'd no more thought of keepin' comp'ny with a strange man when I was young than I would o' flyin'. And Janet"—turning at the door—"don't let me *ever* catch you doin' a thing o' this kind!"

Left alone, the girlish and excitable spinster carefully tiptoed to an old trunk placed to one side of the rear doorway of the hall, and, perching herself upon this, fell to listening to the drone of voices which came faintly through the hall from the front of the house.

Miss Delford was conscious of a sudden, unaccountable thrill when her uncle delivered his message, but she arose to comply without a word and without hesitancy. For a few days following the adventure in the lane the overseer had been unusually reticent—had seemed to be awaiting something. He had never sought her, but had rather held himself in the background more than ever, if such a thing were possible. This behavior pained her no little, for it did not accord with the words he had spoken just after he had slain the dog. But her womanliness forbade her making any advances, and she had bided events as patiently as she could. Passing through the hall with a light step, and aware all the time of a subdued elation, she came to the front door, placed a hand gracefully upon either jamb, and looked out. He was leaning against one of the portico pillars with his head sunk upon his chest. Her approach had been so noiseless that he did not know she was there.

"Did you ask for me?" The simple words, spoken low and with a peculiar vibrant quality of tone, startled him. He looked up quickly, removed his hat, and stood erect. "Yes, I would like to talk to you a little while tonight, if I may." For answer she moved like a shadow to a settle placed to one side, where the moonlight fell in checkered beauty through the vines.

"I thank you for coming. I—"

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you." He came to her side and occupied the vacant space on the settle. "I am going to tell you about myself tonight," he began abruptly. "Would you like to hear?"

"Yes, if you wish to reveal your story to me."

"It may seem strange to you that I should ask you to hear it, for I have not known you long, and life histories are not lightly told, especially such an one as mine."

"Go on; I am listening."

Then straightway he related the leading episodes of his career, softening though not veiling the wilder part of his life, and mentioning the last two years of struggles and trials as lightly as he could. Throughout it all he gave no names. It was fully a minute after he had ceased talking that she turned to him with the question,

"Who are you?"

"Daniel Croft."

"Dan Croft!" She half rose from her seat and her eyes flew open in astonishment. Then she sank back, clasped her hands in her lap and gazed fixedly at the floor in front of her.

"Have you heard of me?" he asked with a touch of cynicism.

"Yes, a college mate of mine lived in Mossdale, and she has often spoken to me of Ivy Lodge and the kindly old man who lived there whom everyone loved. She spoke of you, too."

"In what way?" he asked bitterly.

She turned her big, black, truthful eyes full upon him. "She said that you were breaking your father's heart!"

"Yes!" The monosyllable came with a gasp of pain. "I will not attempt any excuse, because it would be a cowardly, flimsy lie. I have suffered for it—just how much no one will ever know."

"I think that yours has been the victory and that yours should be the praise," she said firmly. "Anyone may fall—God's angels have not been proof against that, but it takes a man to overcome himself. Let me say that I think you have proven yourself nobly. And whatever you have been and whatever you are and may become, you know that my gratitude and good will are yours throughout life."

"Thank you, Miss Delford."

He put his hand in his coat pocket and drew forth a letter. "That you may not think I am an impostor, and have trumped up a tale for your ears and those of the good people here, will you take this and read it after you go in? It is from the father whom I disgraced—the father whose failing years I hope to brighten with love and filial tenderness."

"I know you have spoken truly," she replied hastily, "but I will read the letter, if you wish." His fingers touched hers as he transferred the missive to her hand. "This is very sweet to me—to sit here and talk to one who moves in the sphere in which I was born," he said. "You cannot know how I have missed the element of refinement during the period of my exile. That has been nearly as hard as the hourly struggle to keep myself respectable and clean."

"I can easily understand how hard it must have been for you." The faintest trace of compassion lingered in her voice.

"I must not ask you to sit out here with me too late," he continued, rising. "It would not be right to you—nor to them—he nodded toward the house. "But I am going to ask you to permit me to see you more now; to be with you; to talk

to you. I ask it as a very great favor." She also had risen, and stood with her fair face upturned—a face framed and shadowed with hair of intensest black. "It has been a little lonely for me here," she answered, slowly, "for while I am not a devotee of society, I like the city. I shall be glad to see you whenever you care to come, or feel a desire for my company." He held out his hand and his face was lighted by a smile of joy. "You are gracious and kind." She placed her warm, soft palm within his broad, firm one. "Goodnight," she said softly. "Goodnight," he answered.

IX

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

Very soon it became quite natural to see Daniel and Madeline together. Mr. and Mrs. Delford had talked the matter over at length and had decided that it would be best not to attempt to interfere. Joshua had written to his brother in the city, and Hiram had replied that Madeline was always a girl of her own mind, and that while he did not favor the idea of her receiving attentions from a gentleman in disguise, he was sure she would elope with a scarecrow if she took a notion to do so, and that the best thing that they could do would be to let her alone and trust to her common sense. The same mail brought a letter to that young lady from her father, advising her to be very careful in the friendships which she formed, and suggesting that it would be very well for her to return home at once. But Miss Delford did not go home. On the contrary, she stayed day after day and week after week, and found each succeeding day pleasanter and happier than the last. That was because Daniel Croft loved her, and because she knew it, though as yet Daniel had not told her. But a look, a smile, a touch, however deferential each may be, express love as plainly as words falling from the tongue.

Throughout it all the overseer did not shirk his work in the least. In the morning he went forth so early that the dew washed his rough shoes; at noon he would come in flushed, ruddy and perspiring, draw a bucket of coolest water from the cistern by means of the old, creaking windlass, and, tilting the bucket, press the moss-grown rim to his lips and quaff deep of the precious gift, with a heart full of thanksgiving to the Father. Soon after dinner he was out again, maybe whispering a few words to Madeline at the porch steps before he went. In the scented dusk he would come again, weary from toil and with the marks of the earth he loved upon his hands and face. He would cleanse himself carefully before coming onto the side porch where she usually was waiting for him, always simply and sweetly garbed and more often with a red rose nestling in her dark hair. The rest of the household understood and appreciated the changed conditions. Thus, when Madeline and Daniel were alone upon the porch the others were slow to intrude. They seemed to recognize the fact that something was going forward which required the presence of but two persons, and they left these two persons alone. Daniel had easily established his identity beyond the trace of doubt, and Joshua and Amanda Delford looked upon him with an added respect.

Madeline did not attempt to conceal her admiration for the strong, brave, plain-spoken man who had sought her as something to be prized above worth. She was at his side through most of the quiet, early evening hours; she walked with him before the eyes of all. She would often accompany him in his lighter duties about

the house and barn. Down to the milking-gap at twilight time they would go together; around to the pens to watch the feeding of the hogs; down to the barn where the patient work-horses were reveling in corn and thrusting their twitching noses deep in the racks of sweetest hay. She loved these best—these powerful, docile brutes, that knew nothing but hard labor and strict obedience, whose great muscles strained and sweated in the glare of noon, and that came in at evening to enjoy their hard-earned food and rest.

Though each passing day was strangely sweet to Daniel now, invested as it was with a certain charm and glamour which made the meanest toil the most glorious privilege, yet the Sundays were the days which pleased him most. They were his—and hers. There was a little church about three miles away, but it was too poor to afford a regular pastor. Preaching was held here the first and third Sundays in each month. On these days Madeline and Daniel went together. The church was built in a magnificent grove of beech trees; behind it was the little cemetery with its plain white shafts and its inevitable growth of briars and bushes. The church was a small building, furnished with wooden benches and having strips of carpet running up each aisle. It had no bell, because it did not need any. It sat far back from the road and a carpet of richest bluegrass led up to its very portal. It was to this place that the lovers came, hitched their horse to one of the iron rings fastened in many of the beech trees and went in to worship. The congregation was, of course, drawn from the community, and reflected in the main a sturdy, stanch manhood and devoted and earnest womanhood. The little house was usually filled. A wheezy organ in a corner next to the pulpit carried the air of some simple gospel hymn and everyone sang, some considerably behind the others and some in another key, but the hearts which dictated the praise were genuine. The men always sang bass—and a thunderous bass it was, too, frequently drowning with its power the weaker soprano of the women. The minister was a young man, meek-faced and earnest. He prayed in plain words, and his appeal, while not borne upward on the wings of oratory, ascended gently, as an incense lighted by the hand of faith. In like manner his discourse was devoid of garniture and ornament. His figures were taken from the life which his hearers knew and lived, and the gospel which he proclaimed was not swathed in rhetoric nor armored with logic. He told the story he believed it his duty to tell in such a way that all who heard understood. He did not make an intricate puzzle of Christianity and then seek to solve the enigma to illustrate his own power. After the sermon came another prayer and another hymn and the benediction followed.

But there were Sundays when there was no preaching at the little church, and the long Summer days must be spent. Daniel had ferreted out the shady walks and the secluded spots not too far from the house, for he had learned soon that Madeline loved these things as much as he. She had gone with him once or twice, and there had been times when the man's tongue stopped, so eager was he to say one thing, and that he hesitated to say. Just why, he did not know; he could not have told himself. Perhaps it was the timidity, the shrinking which true love always has; perhaps it was an innate fear of his unworthiness.

One Sunday afternoon when Joshua was asleep in the cool, dark parlor, when Mrs. Delford was nodding over the Bible in her lap, when Miss Janet was ensconced in her apartment, secretly absorbed in a thrilling love story, when the old house itself slumbered in the Sabbath stillness—Daniel came to Madeline as she sat in the broad hall turning the leaves of a book, and asked her to go walking. "It's a place you've never been before," he said, "and where, I am sure, you never would

go unless I went with you." "Where?" she asked, smiling up at him archly.

"At the other end of the lane," he answered, laughing low.

"Oh, goodness!" She put her hands to her eyes to shut out an imaginary sight. "There's nothing there but dust and sunlight," she continued.

"I said at the other end of the lane," he repeated. "The place I refer to is the narrow pathway between the river and the race, which leads up to the dam. Would you not like to go?" His voice had grown serious. It was usually serious when he was with her now, and his eyes searched her face constantly. For answer she jumped up with a light cry of joy. "Do you mean it?" she queried, clasping her hands under her chin and looking at him eagerly with her big, wide eyes.

"Certainly; will you go?"

"I shall be delighted! Let me tell auntie." She tripped to the sitting-room and returned with the news that Mrs. Delford had gone to sleep reading her Bible; the ominous sounds issuing from the half-closed door leading into the parlor denoted that the master of the house was in no condition to receive confidences, so the young lady flew up-stairs to tell her cousin, and to procure a suitable hat. She returned wearing a broad-brimmed straw, much the same as the men used on the farm, except that it was of finer quality, and had a red ribbon encircling the crown and trailing away into a pair of streamers. These streamers she was tying under her round, firm chin as she came deliberately down the broad, old-fashioned stairway. It was a sight to move any man; it caused Daniel to turn his eyes away.

"Will you not need a parasol?" he asked, as they came out upon the long back porch.

"I chose this hat instead," she answered, peering at him from under its brim like a mischievous sprite. "Come here a moment. I'll show you something I venture to say you have never seen." She directed her steps toward a lady's saddle which was hanging by one stirrup upon the wall. "Don't go too close," she warned, catching his sleeve between her finger and thumb, "you'll scare it!" He turned to her blankly. "What makes men so stupid? I knew you never had seen it. Now look!"

Following her outstretched arm with his eyes, Daniel beheld a bird's nest tucked snugly between the flaps of the saddle and the wall. And the little brown head of the mother bird was peeping over its edge.

"It's a wren," he said. "I knew they nested in out-buildings and in all manner of places, but this is the most curious site for a nest that I have ever seen."

"Auntie says this wren has been building her nest here for the past five years," replied Madeline, as they moved on, "and she never uses her saddle while its tiny occupant claims it. They say it is a good sign for a wren to be about the house." So, with the flow of conversation drifting along the simpler channels of life, they passed down to the corner of the yard where the granary stood, and where a small gate let them out onto the open space stretching before the barn lot. Down this they went, past an enclosed plot of ground next to the garden, which had been the slaves' burying-ground before the war, and coming directly to a large, oak-slatted gate at the crib, which gave them access to the hill overlooking the rich bottom lands which paid their bounteous yearly tributes to their owner. They did not follow the rocky, horseshoe-curved road winding around the hill. Young blood had nothing to do with such a prosy and orthodox way of reaching the level below. Straight down the steep declivity they went, aiding their progress by grasping bushes and saplings, and each laughing at any slip the other made. Daniel was never an arm's length away from the active, self-reliant girl who swung herself so gracefully and so

easily down the hill. Neither did his eye ever leave her, and if her foot came near to resting upon a loose stone he would warn her of the peril. They gained the lane quickly and started down it side by side, the sun shimmering white and dazzling in the dust and glinting from the green herbage. When they passed the spot which marked the conflict with the mad dog, Madeline shuddered and hastened her steps.

The lane was very soon traversed. Its further end debouched into a semi-circular space. Directly in front was a watering place for stock; to the left was a rude bridge spanning the race, and sufficiently wide for a two-horse wagon to pass over. It consisted of the roughly-hewn trunks of two beeches stretching from bank to bank and placed parallel with each other, and resting upon these, close together, were heavy oaken planks.

Upon this bridge the two presently stood, and stopped for a moment to enjoy the grateful shade, for the entire course of the mill-race was marked by a thick growth of various kinds of trees. The bridge was without a railing. Daniel and Madeline approached one edge and looked over. The water was very low, for it was the dry season of the year. Formerly this waterway had been quite narrow, but now it was at least fourteen feet wide by eight deep. Its gullied sides were of yellow clay, and its bottom, seen through the shallow stream trickling over it, was covered with coarse gravel and flat stones. While this in itself was not especially attractive, the accompaniment of trees and vines and bushes and picturesque, lichen-grown rail fences worming their lengths along the top of either bank, formed a picture pleasing to the eye, and the man and the girl tarried quite a while to enjoy the scene.

"Shall we go now?" asked Daniel, at length. "The dam is perhaps three-quarters of a mile upstream, and we have come now to the pleasantest part of our walk."

"Yes, let us go," she answered, sighing gently. Then ardently—"Oh, how sweet is a Sunday in the country!"

He looked at her longingly as she turned for a last glance down the leaf-hung water-course, then led the way.

The narrow neck of land separating the river and the race was indeed a paradise for the lover of nature. A footpath wound along it, threading the trees and looping around projecting rocks. To the right the race was lost between its high banks; to the left the river purled drowsily along over its stony bed, flanked with groves of sycamore and overhanging elms.

Their progress was blessed by continual shade. At times splashes and pools of sunlight would drop through the branches overhead and spread themselves over the leaves and twigs that covered the ground. A frightened rabbit would jump from a clump of weeds by the path, flaunt his snow-white beacon in a dozen erratic leaps, and disappear. From every point came the sweet multitude of bird voices, caroling their day-long anthems to the Most High. In every key and with divers notes they poured forth the joy of living and praise to the Master. Suddenly a limb overhead would dip and there would follow a quick rustle of leaves, then a brown squirrel would hump his back and curl his bushy tail over it and gaze wonderingly and half scared at the intruders into his domain. The sentinel kingfisher sat on his dead limb, and watched the pellucid depths beneath him. The little blue heron stood in the shallows and waited for minnows and crawfishes. Such was the country invaded by two souls trembling with love as yet unconfessed.

X

THE GREENWOOD CHAMBER

By some strange chance the conversation ebbed. The path was so narrow and the condition of the ground was such that they had to move single file, and courtesy demanded that Madeline should have precedence. Daniel came closely behind her; close enough to pull back obstructing limbs and snap off impertinent twigs on a level with her face. But neither spoke much beyond a random remark. Soon they became conscious of a low roar, seeming to come from far away. She turned to him questioningly.

"It's the water falling over the dam," he said; "we will be there soon." Then they went on silently through the quiet shade. Madeline's eyes were engrossed by the many wonderful things which lay in such tangled profusion all around her, and perhaps introspection was claiming part of her attention. At any rate she failed to see the small but tenacious body of a creeper which had stretched its length across the path. The toe of her boot caught under it, it would not give when she strove to lift her foot for the next step, and as a consequence she fell forward heavily with a low cry. But Daniel was quicker than her fall. His right arm caught her around the waist while she was yet a safe distance from the ground, and as he lifted her up, temporarily losing his balance, her whole weight rested for a short moment upon his breast. It was over very quickly, so quickly, in fact, that the young lady scarcely knew what had happened, but the vivid recollection of that strong arm around her, snatching her from danger, brought a flood of crimson to her face. "It was dreadfully clumsy of me," she said with a pout; "and very dextrous of you," she added with a smile of appreciation. "How did you do it?"

"I can hardly say," he answered, "but I am very glad I was on time. There was an ugly stone lying just where your face would have struck." He winced visibly as he thought of what might have happened. "Come here," he said, abruptly, "and let me show you something." He led the way to the river bank. "What is that?" he asked, pointing to something moving in mid-stream and slowly nearing the opposite shore. It appeared to be merely a black ball, with offshoots of green on either side.

"I don't know," she answered, very positively and very solemnly.

He laughed. "That's a muskrat," he said.

"How do you know?" incredulously.

"Because I am familiar with them."

"But he has green whiskers," remonstrated the girl.

Daniel did not seek to restrain the explosion of laughter which this remark elicited. "The thief has been to your uncle's corn field yonder," he said, "and he is carrying off his plunder. He has the half of a stalk of young corn in his mouth. His home is in that bank, and the entrance to it is below the water line. Watch him dive just before he reaches home." Silently they stood and watched the swimmer. When quite near the shore he dived and did not reappear. "They are wonderful little things," said Daniel, "but for the matter of that, all of the wild things are wonderful if we would take the time and trouble to study them and their habits."

In a few more minutes they reached the dam, at a point where the water was turned into the race. Mutely they viewed the structure. It was made of huge hewn

logs riveted and bound with bolts and bars. The wall which it presented was sturdy and splotched with a slimy, greenish moss, and little streamlets trickled through the crevices in the logs. But a small quantity of water flowed over the dam, yet it made a considerable noise on account of the depth of its fall. Above the dam the river stretched in a broad, unruffled expanse. When they had watched it all for quite a while, Daniel suggested that they cross over, as there was something worth seeing on the other side. A fallen tree afforded them footing for half the distance across the river, and the rest of the way was accomplished by using stepping-stones, which some hand had previously placed. A short walk followed, then Daniel parted some bushes and disclosed a little glade securely shut in and sequestered, an ideal spot for a court of love. The young man's heart was thumping oppressively as he bowed his fair companion into this sylvan retreat, then stepped in himself and allowed the bushes to close behind him.

"This is like a fairy's palace!" she said, standing half awed in the mellow, subdued light.

"Then you must play the fairy queen," he answered, gallantly, delighted in her pleasure. The little greenwood chamber was in truth bewitching in its simple beauty. Just in front of them a huge gray stone was set in a low embankment; the other two sides were an impenetrable mass of trees and driftwood matted and held together by the luxuriant growth of the wild poison ivy, and next to the river was the only approach through the thickly growing bushes. The room was circular in shape and about ten feet in diameter and the floor was covered with short, thick grass. Far overhead the branches of the trees were interlocked in one dense, umbrageous roof, through which the tiniest ray of sunlight could find no way to come. And it was cool here, refreshingly cool, and everything said rest and be happy. The man removed his hat, as though, indeed, he had come into a room with the girl.

"You play the fairy queen," he said, pointing to a large, smooth stone lying near the gray slab embedded in the bank. "That is your throne; I am your sole subject, unless you count the birds above you." There was a tender gravity in his tones which belied the laughter in his eyes and the smile on his lips. Madeline glanced at him quickly, for her woman's ear had detected that note of deep, suppressed feeling, and she was conscious of a rapid tightening about her heart followed by a mighty surge of emotion throughout her whole being. But she went and sat on the stone as he had asked her to do, disposing her simple gingham gown about her in billowy folds. Then she removed her hat and let it fall to the earth, but held to the ends of the red streamers and toyed with them, her eyes downcast. The plain, unaffected arrangement of her hair struck Daniel as being remarkably charming, as he came and stretched his well-moulded figure at her feet, resting one side of his face upon his palm. "Now tell me about yourself," he said, looking at her with a hungry intensity of which he was not aware. "You know my life, from its blackest to its best. Won't you tell me something of your folks—of yourself?"

"We live in Louisville—father is in the wholesale tobacco business," she began obediently. "But I suppose I should go back further than that. Well, father's folks were country people from time immemorial. I don't think we have any family tree, and if we have I hope I'll never discover it. Just plain, honest tillers of the soil, going to bed at dark and arising strong for the day's work at cock-crow. When he was about eighteen father became ambitious. Uncle Joshua and grandpa Delford tried to dissuade him from leaving the old home farm, but nothing would do him

but that he must go the city. I believe they tell it now that he had only ten dollars, in cash, for grandpa was angry with him for going and would not give him any money. So he went away without it. I think the first job he got was along the river—on one of the towboats. Anyway, he barely managed to keep alive for a month or two. But he did his work well and always kept his eyes open, and soon he got something better. He saved part of all that he earned, and by the time he was twenty-five he was employed in a tobacco factory and receiving a good salary. Then he became one of the partners and now he owns the whole business. We live on Fifth street and I am the only child of two very devoted parents." She raised her eyes with a smile.

"Thank you for your story. I have felt for many days that I wanted to know more of you. Do you visit your uncle often?"

"Every Summer I come for a month or two. I began it when a child, spending most of my vacation from school here, and as I have grown older I still find a genuine joy in coming back to the old place. It is so restful, so purifying. Everywhere is tenderness and peace and happiness and content. The balances of the universe seems poised in perfect harmony. What a blessing it is to be allowed the privilege of coming and enjoying all these benefits!"

Daniel looked at her with placid features, but with glowing eyes in which shone a new awakening. "My heart rejoices to hear you speak that way," he said, measuring his words distinctly. "Nature has been my foster mother. My reverence for her is second only to my reverence for God. I came to her accursed, blighted, almost helpless. Through her benign power I have been regenerated, made whole again. I can feel her strength coming to me day by day, and the thankfulness in my heart is a constant wellspring of gratitude to the dear Father. Ah! you cannot know how the wasted hours of my life lie upon my soul in daily reproach and shame!"

"There is always repentance and atonement, which Christ has provided for those who love Him. You have repented and atoned in a way. The greater atonement will come when you restore yourself to your father with a clean heart and make restitution by tenderly caring for him in his advancing years."

"Could *you* forgive one dear to you who had trespassed every moral obligation, who had seen his error and striven for the white life?"

"Yes, I would forgive him."

"Noble heart! You are completing what days of solitude and nights of prayer and struggle have begun." He sat up, came closer to her and went on: "I would not magnify the conquest which I have made to render myself in any way worthy in your eyes. I am all unworthiness, and in my heart is nothing but humility and praise. But since you have come into my life there has been something added." Madeline caught her breath sharply and her head sunk forward. "How could it be otherwise? Sweet flower of womanhood, I have nothing to offer you but my love and the strength of my hands. But they are both true, and with them I will shield, cherish and protect you as long as I shall live. Madeline; sweet one! I love you!"

The quiet fervor of this intense, though low-voiced appeal, submerged her entire being with a flood of joy. She lifted her flushed face and the eyes which sought his glistened from unshed tears of happiness. And the little greenwood chamber was sanctified by softly whispered vows of purest love.

XI

THE GARNERING OF THE GRAIN

It was that mysterious hour just before the earth flings her nightrobes from her breast in joyful awakening. That wonderful hour when the east is not even touched by the faintest trace of gray-fingered dawn; when the stars' vigils are as bright and manifold as though they would last forever, and all things are asleep.

Along the highway approaching Joshua Delford's house crept a strange object, appearing misshapen and grewsome in the night shadows. Four oxen, moving two abreast, were dragging a threshing engine up the low hill just before the pike branched into the big gate. Their progress was slow, very slow. Even on a level their gait was the same sedate walk which never hastened and never slackened; on the incline they moved just as regularly, but with infinitely more effort, for their burden was fearfully heavy. Crunching over the loose stones came the broad wheels; in front two pairs of necks bent under their respective yokes — cumbersome wooden contrivances with hickory loops to encircle the neck — and the great muscles in the corded thighs expanded and contracted with every forward step. With heads outstretched and twisted from side to side in the stress of their toil, with bodies leaning slightly toward the pole running between them, the powerful beasts went on without stop or falter. A short distance behind the engine came the separator, drawn with apparent ease by two more oxen. Behind this, in turn, was the water wagon, which was pulled by two small mules. It was threshing day at Joshua Delford's farm, and this was the threshing force coming for a daylight start.

Everything was still at the big white house with the green shutters and the red roof. Back in the locust tree near the negro cabins old Chanticleer still slept upon his limb, with the hens and the turkeys around him. The subtle smell of the coming day had not yet aroused him. The door of the cottage opened and a man came forth yawning and stretching his arms above his head. The sound of wheels crunching heavily reached him and he started as though surprised, glanced hurriedly toward the east, where the slightest possible glow appeared, and walked around to the front of the house. Standing beneath one of the half-open upstairs windows, he began tossing pebbles at it and an occasional click told when one of the missiles stuck the glass panes. Watching closely all the time, he was presently rewarded by a low voice floating down to him from above, "Just in a moment! Will I be on time?"

"Yes; hurry!" he sent back, and went and stood on the portico quite close to the locked front doors. The next few minutes seemed very long to him, for waiting is mighty poor business when one's heart is overflowing with love and longing, but directly he heard the trip of light feet coming down the stairs, the bolt creaked in the lock, and Madeline walked straight into his arms. Exacting a lover's tribute with shameless effrontery, Daniel took her hand and led her to the wooden step in front of the portico.

"Where are they? I don't see them!" she said, with mock impatience.

"Doubter!" he answered reproachfully. "Didn't I promise you that you should see it all, even the before day arrival? They have stopped at the gate; now they are starting again." As he spoke the jolting, grinding noise began once more, and a minute later the oxen and the threshing engine came into view, though seen but dimly on account of the scant light. After it came the unwieldy separator, like some great land terrapin on a journey.

"They're driving cows!" declared Madeline, catching a faint gleam from the spreading horns on the heads of the animals. "I think that's a shame!"

"They're oxen, Miss Simplicity," returned Daniel, "and they are stronger than any of our beasts of burden. Far stronger than a horse or a mule. Nothing else could pull that mass of iron."

"Let's go closer," she said; "down to the stile—won't you?" The appealing look she gave him would have gained a far more unreasonable request.

"The grass is wet as it can be," he remonstrated. "You are not used to running around at this time of the morning, remember."

"But I have on heavy shoes," she pleaded. "You know I'm to go to the field today to see it all well done, and I have shod myself for walking."

Daniel regarded her with indecision for a moment, half tempted to make the suggestion that he might carry her, but in the end he refrained from doing this, and said: "Will you promise to change your shoes if you get your feet wet?"

"Yes—you should have been an old maid!"

"Come along, then."

And though the ground was entirely free from obstructions of any kind and sloped gradually toward the stile, Daniel found it imperative that he should take her hand in his as they passed through the yard. When they gained the stile the light had grown perceptibly, and the uncouth procession they had come to view had left the road which ran down by the spot where they were standing and was trailing along the side of a gentle swell in the neighboring pasture. "Where are they going?" demanded Madeline in alarm.

"To the wheat field," answered Daniel with grave tenderness.

"There's nothing out there but some big trees and the orchard further down."

"Little goose! You would never make a farmer's wife. They will go along the top of that rise until they come to the hill which dips down to the bottom where the wheat is stacked. That hill is thickly wooded, but a road slants down it, coming out almost at the stacks. They will reach there in thirty minutes, plant their apparatus, get steam up, and be ready for work half an hour after sunrise. Now we'd better go and get that sleepy-headed household to stirring if you want to go a-field with me today."

"I'm so glad to have seen them coming in," she said, her eyes still fastened on the queer procession in the pasture. "It is a sight to remember when I—when we go back home!" She turned to him with a glad smile and, reaching up, put her hands upon his broad shoulders.

"Yes, when we go back home"—he repeated her very words, and the adoration in his eyes did not need the interpretation of the tongue. "Bless you!" he added fervently, grasping both her hands and pressing them to his lips. "God has been good to me!"

"And to me," she answered, as they turned toward the house with the first pure glow of the morning resting upon their happy faces.

"What in thunder are you young-uns doin,' caperin' 'roun' here before day?" Joshua raised his bewhiskered visage from the tin washpan long enough to fire this question at his niece and his overseer as they appeared upon the side porch.

"The thresher's here, uncle," announced Madeline, rushing up to him and grasping him by the arm.

"Well, I reck'n I know it, seein's I engaged it three weeks ago. Ye never saw a thrasher before, did ye?" he continued with a doting smile.

"No; I have always gone just before they came, or have come just after they

left. I'm going to help today — Mr. Croft has promised."

"Yes, Mandy'll need all the help she can get. It's a mighty job cookin' dinner for a thrashin' crew."

"But I'm going to be down at the threshing place!"

"Well, what on earth?" — He stopped, looked quizzically first at one and then at the other, then broke into a loud laugh and buried his half-dry face in the coarse towel he had been holding in his hand ever since Madeline had interrupted him.

Breakfast was over at an unusually early hour that morning; so early, in fact, that it had to be eaten by lamplight, for that was to be one of the busiest days of the farmer's year. The wheat had yielded a full crop, and it would take a hard day's work to get it threshed and stowed away in the granary between the rising of the sun and its going down. There was a great ado about the house that Summer morning. Preparations for dinner were set afoot as soon as breakfast was finished, or it taxed the farm housewife's ingenuity and patience to prepare a meal for half a score of famished men. An old ham was hauled down from the black rafters in the large smoke-house; sundry hens and chickens met an unexpected death at the merciless hands of the cook, and the garden was invaded and robbed of plenteous quantities of beans, peas and potatoes. The granary door was set wide and one hand was engaged in searching for possible holes in the tin-lined bins; dusting away the cobwebs and sweeping out the refuse of last year's crop. The wagon with the biggest bed, with two of Joshua's strongest mules hitched to it, came rattling from the barn lot and received its consignment of empty sacks at the gate by the granary. The driver discovered that a hame-string had snapped. The delay thus caused was only momentary. Dragging a handful of gray hemp from the granary loft, Joshua disentangled a strand of suitable size, gave one end of it to his driver to hold, and began twisting the other by rolling it between his palms. So in a trice a new string was made, and the combined strength of half a dozen men could not have broken it. A warning whistle sounded from the wheat field. Madeline came racing down the porch as Daniel issued from the cottage in his working garb; the red bandana knotted about his neck and the broad-brimmed straw hat flapping about his head.

"Let's hurry, for goodness' sake!" cried Madeline. "I wouldn't miss seeing them start for anything in the world!"

"We have plenty of time," he assured her. "That call you heard was for your uncle's men to come. I know a short way which we will take. I'm glad Mr. Delford stacked so near the house."

"Oh, I would have gone had it been at the other end of the farm — provided you went with me." She gave him a glance which set his heart to thumping.

"I would go with you anywhere," he said gently, and opened the yard gate for her to pass out. In a short time they reached the scene of the day's work, and Madeline, standing in the line of shade which lay like a dark border at the foot of the wooded hill, looked on the sight with wide eyes of wonder. Three immense conical stacks of wheat rose up in the form of old-time bee hives only a few yards away. They were placed so closely together that their bases almost touched. With its front quite near to these, the separator stood, its wheels choked. Perhaps thirty feet away was the engine, and the wheels of this had been sunk in little ditches to insure stability. A heavy band, crossing midway between the two machines, connected the one with the other. The oxen, yoked two and two, had been turned loose to feed on the aftermath of clover which had sprung up among the golden stubble. Joshua Delford rode up to where Madeline and Daniel were standing. "John," he said, "I reck'n you'll have to feed till dinner time. Know

how, I reckon?" Daniel smiled. "Yes; are they ready?" Joshua's reply was made unnecessary by the noisy starting of all the machinery at that instant. "You had better remain here," said Daniel, turning to Madeline. "You can see well enough and will run no danger of getting hurt. I'm to feed the separator. It's hot work and hard work, and if I don't appear to notice you, you must understand it is because I must keep my eyes on what I am doing." He was gone from her side with this, and with a thrill of pride she watched him leap upon the platform, hastily don a pair of goggles to protect his eyes from the dust and the chaff, then take in his right hand a long, sharp knife with which to sever the straw wrappings which bound each bundle of grain. A man had already mounted to the top of the nearest stack, torn off the cap sheaves and hurled them down upon the wooden apron before which Daniel stood. Quickly he severed the withes which held the bundles together, swiftly scattered the slim, yellow stalks and allowed them to glide down into the yawning maw waiting to receive them. Then business began in earnest. Taking a firm stand and working only from the waist up, Daniel attacked and deftly disposed of the rain of sheaves which fell upon him. The carrier at the other end of the machine began to deliver straw and chaff, and a thin stream of golden wheat trickled down the chute into the half-bushel measure beneath it. So the morning passed. One by one the sacks were filled, tied, and set aside until there were enough to make a load. Then brawny hands lifted them into the wagon and they were hauled away to the storehouse. Daniel stuck grimly to his task, with brief intermissions. Coming once for a drink near to where Madeline was sitting, he took off his hat and ugly goggles and stood for a moment's rest.

"Aren't you tired?" she asked compassionately, viewing the red mark which his hat band had made across his forehead and the streams of perspiration which seamed his face.

"Yes," he replied; "but my time hasn't come to rest. Don't you find it rather lonely here by yourself?"

"No; I watch you and I am content." A swift glance exchanged from eyes which understood and he was back in the whirr and din with added courage in his heart.

After the dinner bell had sent its welcome invitation to the toilers, and as Daniel was walking homeward with Madeline along a secluded path, he told her of another letter which he had received from his father the day before, in which Mr. Croft had entreated him to come home at once.

"Is he sick?" queried Madeline with quick interest.

"No, he is well, but it has made him so happy to learn of my new life that he feels each day we are apart is a day lost to us both."

"Have you told him of—of—us?"

"I shall write him tonight and lay it all before him."

"Oh, Daniel! what will he say?"

"I think he will be very glad, sweet one. Ivy Lodge needs just such a mistress as you will be. Father writes that it is beautiful now, covered with flowers and vines." Then they drew closer to each other and moved on in silence.

"When—when are we going home, Daniel?" she asked softly.

"Let us go as soon as possible, dearest. Father's life is too short now for me ever to give him back what I took from it. You know Brewster is pottering about on his crutches. It will be some time before he can take hold of things again, but my first duty is to the parent whom I have wronged."

"Suppose we settle everything tonight," she said, as they were drawing near to

the yard gate. "On the portico, after supper," supplemented Daniel. Madeline agreed.

XII

THE HAVEN OF HOME

Madeline did not return to the field in the afternoon. She helped her aunt and cousin to clean up the house after the departure of the thresher-men, then went to her room and sat all alone day-dreaming, with her hands clasped over her knee. She had plenty to think about, and the trend of her meditations must have been along pleasant lines, for there was a musing smile upon her warm lips and a soft light in her dark eyes. When supper was over that evening and the house had grown quiet early, as was its custom, she stole out to the portico and found Daniel waiting for her. He took her hands tenderly in his and led her to the settle. She asked him to light his pipe, telling him she was sure he could think and talk better then, and he consented. "Now tell me your plans," she said.

"Will you be guided by them?" he asked soberly.

"I shall reserve the right to correct them," she said, smiling, "if they do not suit my notions." Then slowly and with care he told her of the way he had thought out, and when he had finished, it seemed to her that everything was right. But she must have her say, too, and so she changed something here and there, Daniel agreeing with grave nods to each suggestion. It was very late when they bade each other goodnight, but late as it was, each wrote a long letter before they went to rest. Madeline's was to her parents, telling them of her approaching marriage to Daniel Croft, which was to occur two weeks from that date at the home of her uncle Joshua, and asking them to be present. She begged their pardon for marrying in such a quiet, simple way; (her mother was a society woman and liked the show and glitter of a church wedding) but her husband-to-be was a poor man and nothing but an extremely unostentatious wedding would be good taste. Daniel's letter was to his father. He wrote tenderly of this sweet gift of love which had come to him with all its ennobling influence and pristine purity, just at the time when the crown of manhood had been placed upon his brow again. Of the dear woman who had loved him, penniless and a stranger, and who had promised to cast her lot with his for better or for worse. Then he wrote of the day of the wedding, telling feelingly of his sorrow that his father could not be present and adding that they would be home the next day. "Be ready," he concluded, "to meet me with your forgiveness, and us both with your love. We are coming to make you forget the unhappiness I have caused you and to live peacefully together in the little nest among the flowers."

Daniel went forward with his duties as overseer until the very morning of his wedding day. The ceremony was to take place mid-afternoon, and that morning the ever-darkened parlor was thrown open to the sunshine and the breeze. The furnishings of this room were exceedingly plain. There was a sofa and a number of chairs covered with haircloth; a square piano occupied one corner. Upon the tall mantel were a pair of heavy glass candle-sticks, with a miniature house made of tiny shells and periwinkles glued onto pasteboard. There was also a marble-topped center table holding the big family album, which was filled more or less with tintypes and daguerreotypes. That was all. Plain, honest, good, like the people they represented. About noon Mr. Hiram Delford arrived, but his wife did not come with him. Her pride had been cut to the quick and she had stayed at home. Made-

line's face paled when her father came in alone, but her firm chin only grew firmer still, and a half-rebellious look sprang to her eyes. Soon after dinner everybody donned their Sunday clothes and waited impatiently. When the eventful hour came there was no wedding march, no ribbons nor flower girls, no giving away of the bride. But there was a plain gold ring which Daniel slipped upon the finger of the woman he loved — "Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."



Twilight was beginning to shadow Ivy Lodge. Just above the steps, on the porch, sat Roger Croft, his face lighted by the great joy of the gentle spirit within. The doors behind him were open wide, and a lamp with a ruby shade glowed a cordial welcome from the broad hall. The soul of the old man sang within him, for this day marked the return of his boy — the prodigal son. This day, this hour, this minute, for was not that a carriage stopping at the gate? It did not enter. Two persons got out and came in, walking hand in hand up the lawn toward him. Roger leaned forward and looked, the hand which rested upon his cane trembling violently. Then he arose and stood upon the steps, his white hair falling about his face and his eyes alight with a strange brilliancy. The figures came on toward him, closer yet, and now the beloved features of one whom once he thought was lost broke upon his vision. He held out his arms with one glad word — "Daniel!" — and father and son met.

Later, when the musk from beds of a multitude of drowsy flowers was wafted throughout the confines of the place, Madeline and Daniel sat on the steps of the porch, side by side, hand in hand, cheek to cheek. His had been the victory; his had been the reward. Love had found him and had set its seal upon him. In the haven of home he was at rest at last. In the sacred inner room an old man knelt. "He has come," he said reverently; "our boy—your boy—is home again—a man."

THE PRAIRIE-GRASS DIVIDING

THE prairie-grass dividing — its special odor breathing,
 I demand of it the spiritual corresponding,
 Demand the most copious and close companionship of men,
 Demand the blades to rise of words, acts, beings,
 Those of the open atmosphere, coarse, sunlit, fresh, nutritious,
 Those that go their own gait, erect, stepping with freedom and command, — leading, not
 following,
 Those with a never-quelled audacity — those with sweet and lusty flesh, clear of taint,
 Those that look carelessly in the faces of Presidents and Governors, as to say, *Who*
 are you?
 Those of earth-born passion, simple, never-constrained, never obedient,
 Those of inland America.

— Walt Whitman



WINTER MORNING ON A NORTHERN FARM

MAN IN PERSPECTIVE

V.—WOMAN AS THE FEMALE

By Michael A. Lane

Author of "The Level of Social Motion," "New Dawns of Knowledge," etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

IT may be consistently held that to discuss woman as "the female of the species" is to discuss her in her entirety—all her other supposed ascriptions, attributes, powers, qualities, and so on, being mere furniture with which she is superstitiously surrounded.

And yet it would not be wholly philosophical to consider woman as a mere animal, as zoology considers animals of every kind, for it must be remembered that while woman is an animal, she is also a social animal; and that the present state of her body and mind is largely the result of social forces, which react upon sex with a power not always—if at all—regarded as important by those who study the bodies of living things in themselves.

Many of the physical traits of women are indirectly due to certain social necessities originating in ancient times, when tribes were in chronic warfare, and when the males were required to fight. In this need of war, or even earlier, in the needs of the hunt, the male of the species probably acquired his superior strength and cunning. In many of the lower animals the male is the stronger and heavier; but activity is the fundamental trait of the male; and of the germ-cells, from the union of which all animals are developed, the male cell is vastly the smaller and infinitely the more active.

Unfortunately for popular knowledge on the subject of man, the vast majority of so-called enlightened persons stagger under such a load of superstition concerning the facts about themselves as

would require the strength of a Hercules to lift. While the words "lady" and "gentleman" are in full force—to say nothing of other superstitions which tend to maintain the present topsy-turvy state of society—it would seem fatuous, if no more, to attempt to discuss woman as the female, and to tell the truth about her. And yet it is sometimes socially healthful, even for the zoologist, to tell the truth promiscuously—that is, without regard to the kind of people that hear it; to scatter it abroad, as it were, on the chance that some of the seed will fall on fruitful ground.

Now if we accept the theory that woman is a female quite as much as a female cat or a cow, a vast mass of otherwise incomprehensible mystery will be cleared up, and much of the contempt with which the male of the species proverbially regards his female companion will be seen to be unscientific and shallow. If women have certain ridiculous or despicable traits—I mean traits which in a man would be ridiculous or despicable—there must be some good reason for the fact. These female traits, which seem so strange and undesirable to many of us, will be largely mollified and excused when they are rationally accounted for, and when, perhaps, in looking toward the future, we shall see reason to hope that in time they may totally disappear. Regarded in this light, woman will be more thoroughly understood and perhaps more considerably judged; whereas were this view to become the common one, nine-tenths of all the speculative and, for the most

part, inane literature about woman would become obsolete.

The chief points to be touched upon are those which are commonly argued to the derogation of woman by her male critics. These are, generally, woman's curiosity, her intense and spontaneous spite against other women, her inordinate vanity of person, her jealousy, her cruelty, her physical ugliness as compared with man, her tendency to tell lies, her inability in the arts and sciences and her complete want of that sense of justice which is so delicate and far-seeing in man.

These are the principal counts in the indictment against woman. There are others, such as her lack of reasoning power, her loquacity, her love of scandal-monging, her utter unreliability as a testimonial witness, and her general and constant practice of deceit. But these, I think, are corollary in nature, and will be cleared up with the points mentioned above.

As to woman's curiosity, it may be said at the outset that she is not so curious, by an infinite measure, as is man himself. Women, it is true, are persistently and assiduously curious; but men also are not only persistently and assiduously, but patiently and systematically curious. It is the character of female curiosity that makes it apparently contemptible. Scientific men of every kind have no *raison d'être* for their infinitely patient research save pure curiosity alone; and their curiosity has no more purpose in it than has the curiosity of the woman who cannot rest until she finds out all discoverable facts about her neighbors, or the cause of a mysterious sound by night.

These two forms of curiosity, the male and the female, originated no doubt in the early needs of the race long before man appeared on the earth. The male animal is interested in the causes of remote things—things which, upon being run down, might turn out useful for food

purposes. The female is interested in the quick investigation of near and small things which may turn out a menace to the lives of her young. The female watches with intense and lively interest the vicinity of the nest or lair; the male is prompted to look abroad—away from the lair, in or toward fields where his daily prey is found. These two kinds of curiosity were among the most potent instruments in the struggle for racial existence and in the ultimate development of man.

With man's greater growth came perfect security for his young and perfect assurance of food. But the old instinct of curiosity, without which the race would probably have been destroyed ages ago and before the development of man, has not been eliminated, and there it is today in all its strength, but with no obviously practical use.

An irresistible passion for investigation into remote causes characterizes the man; and an equally irresistible passion for the investigation of near causes characterizes the woman. The complete inutility of pure science is often a text for some perfectly fatuous sermon. The pursuit of science is perfectly purposeless apart from the gratification of pure curiosity. And no worse can be said of the curiosity of women. If she is concerned with personal affairs and with matters (in man's view) of no importance whatsoever, it is only because her remote female ancestors have passed down to her a trait which, in its own time, had uses the most important of all.

The above philosophical and wholly rational theory of woman's curiosity should, perhaps, lead us to suspect a somewhat similar cause for that remarkable mystery of woman's "spite" for woman. There is no denying that women are almost ferocious in this respect. I have seen the eyes of women gleam with "feline ferocity" when looking at other women—in certain circumstances. I have seen overpowering rage

and hate upon their faces; and, if put to it, the average woman could not tell you why, any more than she could give you a rational theory for her curiosity, were she rational enough to admit its existence, the which she could not in any conceivable circumstances be.

This powerful instinct in woman is almost altogether wanting in man—the pale reflection of it persisting in man is the quick enmity he feels when, living in a lonely place, he sees a strange man approaching his abode. The strange animal there was wont, in long-passed ages, to spell danger. With the female the danger was terrifying and certain; for the instinct of many females is to kill the young of other females.

Here, then, you have the ancient instinct surviving in full force, whereas its value in preserving the race (what zoologists call “selective value”) has disappeared. In the long evolution of the human race nothing occurred to eliminate this once highly useful and preservative instinct, while the need of it in the preservation of the species disappeared ages ago. It is hence an anomaly which is often made the butt of ridicule and scorn by shallow men, who understand neither themselves nor the causes that have made them what they are.

More subtle is the intense dislike which “plain” women have for prettier ones—that is to say, when men are concerned. But this dislike is obviously traceable to the same cause as the general instinct itself. It is the old instinct appearing in various forms, the instinct venting itself on the thing nearest at hand. You find it cropping out in matters of dress. The intense scorn or contempt which women can express for the dress of other women is really fetching—a most “beautiful” illustration of the theoretical view here indicated. And bound up with this very matter is the still more subtle instinct of jealousy and its apparently incomprehensible mystery, in women.

Women, generally, objugate with expressive silence, or voluminous loquacity, the woman among them who is particularly attractive to men; while their uncompromising and relentless condemnation of the so-called “erring sister” is a commonplace theme for all sorts of preachers. Woman’s jealousy, proverbially, is vented on the other woman and never on the man, for whom, on the contrary, she invariably finds an excuse which, while perfectly irrational and sophistical, is entirely satisfactory to herself.

Now, when we remember the very marked difference between the male and the female in these peculiar traits, it will appear that the traits themselves must be traceable to some remote cause in the life history of the race, having a strong bearing on the condition of the female and none at all on the condition of the male. Assuming this to be the fact, the cause will perhaps be found in the general instinct of enmity of female for female inherited from ancient female ancestors, who by it were enabled to protect their young. For when the male of the human species is roused to jealousy he invariably wreaks his enmity on the offending woman. It is quite true that he sometimes punishes the offending man; but the woman is invariably cast off. Men quite frequently kill women who reject them, but seldom kill the successful suitor. When jealous women, however, resort to killing, in similar circumstances, it is the woman they kill, never the man. These perplexing things become clear if we account for them by that ancient instinct of the female to slay the strange female, whose own instinct, rising from a common cause, impelled her to slay the young of others.

The mother guards her offspring; the father, in the case of mammals, most frequently is the food provider. These homely facts, when interpreted in the light of the social evolution of man, ex-

plain, it would seem, the somewhat marked differences in many of the mental traits of the two sexes. To a similar if not the self-same cause can we attribute the traditional cruelty of stepmothers. The stepfather is seldom unkind. On the contrary he is often devoted, even when he has offspring of his own with the mother of his stepchild.

But if women possess the ancient instinct of destruction toward other females, they also, and for the same reason, have rather ferocious enmity for all persons guilty of heinous crime. Their first impulse is to have the vicious ones drawn, quartered, or "shredded," and always without trial. Reaction carries them to the opposite extreme whereby the most vicious (male) persons would probably be acquitted were juries composed of women, with a male attorney for the defence. Female offenders would probably be condemned at the rate of 100 per cent. A good lawyer could secure conviction of every woman accused—before a jury of women. Men have the keenest sympathy with men. Women have no sympathy whatsoever with women. I speak generally, of course.

The above described traits of woman were doubtless developed in the pre-human stage of the race, a thing which becomes evident when we study the moral character of lower animals. The moral character of the lower animal is, it may be said, a simplified diagram of the moral character of man—male and female alike. And it must be confessed that, in many respects, the absence of certain curious lines in the simplified diagram is much to the moral advantage of the latter.

Women, however, have certain traits which have been produced and developed by the social nature of human life. And these, perhaps, are the more interesting for the reason that these traits may, by the further evolution of human society, be changed for the bet-

ter, or altogether wiped out, as human society becomes more rational and free with the general diffusion of wealth and education.

Woman's physical ugliness, for example, as compared with man, may in the future be considerably mollified; may, indeed, be replaced by positive physical beauty as compared with man, under certain conditions of wealth which would give woman the choice of her mate, without at the same time disturbing the present choice as it exists with men. I mean perfectly equal choice instead of the one-sided system now generally prevailing.

The beauty of the human female has increased steadily under the system of selection in which men have the higher choice. Men prefer the prettier women. With lower animals, where the choice lies wholly with the female, the beauty of the male is quite superior—the female is comparatively ugly. With humans the beauty of the female has improved because the economic power of the male has for ages enabled him to do the selecting. The result is that the disparity between the sexes in the matter of beauty is not so great as in the lower animals, but it is still great. Could women become the equal of men in power of selection the beauty of the male would actually improve, because the ugly men who now are enabled to win wives because of their power to provide, would be wiped out, thus raising the beauty-level of both sexes. On the other hand, the continued freedom of selection on the part of men would go on constantly increasing the beauty of the women. And as beauty is more valuable in the woman than in the man, the tendency would be toward a disproportionate increase in female beauty. I mean that men prize beauty in women more highly than women prize it in men. Women can love ugly men for other traits; men seldom love ugly women, no matter what their other traits may be.

I speak, of course, about the average.

Another trait which is peculiarly a product of social forces, is the tendency of women to tell lies. When I say lies, I mean deliberate lies—the practice of deceit. I fancy that old women are not as great liars or deceivers as young and middle-aged women. At one time women were hairy, and Darwin ingeniously accounts for the comparative depilation of women. But it would seem that hair is a concomitant of maturity—that hair, on the face particularly, is a mark of more complete nervous development—in the case of man, of course. So that in selecting hairless women our ancestors at the same time retarded the nervous development of the female and left her with a closer resemblance to the child than was retained by the male.

Women are simpler-minded, more child-like, more impulsive, more savage, than men; therefore they are greater liars and deceivers than men, and much greater lovers of hyperbole. A New York judge, not long ago, announced from the bench that he would not believe a woman under oath—an opinion which was the result of years of experience.

Woman's incompetence in the arts and sciences is due altogether, one can reasonably argue, because of this very retardation of her nervous, or cerebral development, imposed upon her by the free choice of selection practised by man through force of his superior economic strength. When women compete with men in the arts and sciences they work with the undeveloped brain and hands of the child. Physically weaker than men—in mere brute strength as well as in cunning of mind and hand—they can never hope to equal the products of the male in the mighty works which require physical strength for the doing of them. They are as children; and as children they must remain as long as men desire in their mates the soft, smooth cheek,

the clear, tender chin, the silky, long hair which make woman and child alike.

There have been women of great mental power, but they were not women of greatly desirable physical beauty, and most of them had hairy faces. "There are no women of genius," said the ingenuous Goncourt. "All women of genius are men."

And we may vary Goncourt's opinion by saying that there are no women reformers, all women reformers being men. This brings us back to the postulate concerning the lack in women of that sense of equal justice which is so delicate and far-reaching in the male of the human species.

All the reforms that have made epochs in human social history have been the work of men. Women, here and there, have assisted, have lent their feeble voices to the general masculine roar, but these women have invariably been masculine women. The woman with conspicuous hair on her face, with a strong sense of justice, who sets her foot down firmly, who has a "good voice" and can make "a fine speech"—what is she but a lesser man? She is rightly (from a physiological point of view) called a "strong-minded" woman. Such a woman is a reversion to the woman of old—the hairy woman who selected her mate from among contending males. She is reversive and atavistic, physically, and shall we say in advance of her sex, mentally and ethically?

If we could imagine that such a type of woman would survive, multiply and displace the immature, undeveloped, childlike and unethical woman so much preferred by men, we could easily fancy that the female of our species would ultimately replace the male in all those functions of industry, art and science which are now peculiarly his own. The fact that woman is physically and mentally inferior to man does not imply that she could not, in certain easily imaginable circumstances, become physically

and mentally his superior. Some female spiders are fifty or sixty times the size of the male, which is a mere physiological adjunct to his spouse, having no place or part in spider industry. Powerful, intelligent women could do as much and as great physical and mental labor as men have done. Not many generations would be required to produce a race of women in physical and mental comparison with whom men could be conceived as being insignificant, idle instruments for the maintenance of the race. Man is the master now. Will he remain so?

Probably yes;—if the strong-minded, hairy-faced, able-bodied, healthy woman

can find no way of alluring him from her doll-faced, simple-minded, "inferior" sister. Probably no;—if she can find such a way. In the development of races the most insignificant touch of circumstance often sets up a most rapid flux which produces, in a few generations, the most amazing cumulation of effects. Who knows but that some such impetus may give the strong-minded woman the advantage, and carry her on to the "high destiny" of which she has so fondly dreamed?

The future state of woman hangs, one may say, on a hair—in the literal as well as in the metaphorical meaning of the word.

THE OLD GODS AND THE NEW

By Ernest McGaffey

Author of "Poems," "Sonnets to a Wife," "Cosmos"

LEWISTOWN, ILLINOIS

In the twilight of the ages
Where the dust of years lies dead,
Wrinkled over Seers and Sages
Since the centuries have sped,
Stand the wraiths of unattended
Gods who once were called sublime,
Even in their ruin splendid
Mocking and defying Time.

In the wake of winds that follow
Fast along the path of man,
Comes an echo of Apollo,
Floats the reedy note of Pan,
And a clearer tone is ringing
Mid the clashing of the spheres,
And a wilder flight is winging
Through the vistas of the years.

And from out the ocean mighty
High above the coral caves,
Rises Venus Aphrodite
Throned and sceptered by the waves,
While the horn of Neptune winding
In the night's recumbent noon,
Scatters music o'er the blinding
Silver pathway of the moon.

So the old gods were most human,
More like song, and life, and wine,
Touched to love-words by a woman,
Mortal half and half divine;
And the later gods we fashion
For their loss have not sufficed,
No! not even the compassion
And the great white soul of Christ.

SMATHER'S TRAVELING NEWSPAPER

By Paul Cook

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

AFFAIRS looked ominous for the ticket in the state. Both sides were claiming a victory in public, but in secret councils of the party the democrats were doubtful, and it was whispered around that unless some unexpected reversion of opinion took place they would be hopelessly defeated and the chances of their national candidate would be in jeopardy.

High-priced spellbinders had stumped the state, talking loudly and long of republican mistakes and the great things the democrats would do when they assumed the reins of power, but it was very hard to start enthusiasm. Voters were strangely apathetic. Democratic papers were also boosting the candidates with might and main, but in the various sanctums it was known that chances of victory were exceedingly slim. As a matter of fact, the democrats had barely a ghost of a show, but they kept up the fight gamely and in the very face of defeat were claiming a walkover.

An important caucus was held in the office of Chairman Smathers of the state executive committee. Leading politicians of the state were there discussing the last expedients for a rally, but there was little hope exhibited in the countenances of the gentlemen seated about a heavy oaken table, puffing great clouds of tobacco smoke to the ceiling. All realized that unless someone was inspired by a new and wonderfully effective scheme for waking up the voters, the battle would be lost.

At the end of a discouraged and discouraging talk by a prominent banker from the northern part of the state, Chairman Smathers arose with a determined look. His colleagues were sur-

prised to note a sparkle in his eye and an air of confidence which they could not assume.

"How much campaign fund have we remaining at our disposal?" he asked.

"One hundred and fifty thousand, which could be increased, I suppose, if necessary," answered the treasurer dejectedly. "The national committee has promised us aid."

"Gentlemen," said Smathers, a trace of subdued eagerness in his voice, "I have a scheme that I believe will do the work, but it will take every cent in our treasury and maybe more."

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"Well," answered Smathers, "it will be useless for our speakers to stump the state again, and I propose that we stir up the people by a traveling newspaper to be used solely as a campaign trumpet. Just wait a minute," he exclaimed, as several started to speak, "and I will explain my plan. As you all know, I have been president of the Banner Publishing Company for the past fifteen years and understand the business pretty well. Now I propose to charter a special train, equip it with a first class newspaper plant, and during the next month carry it to every town of five thousand population and over in the state, booming our candidates for all they are worth. I believe it is possible to reach all the larger towns on the railroads without any trouble. After studying the map of the various systems I find that it will be a comparatively easy matter to take our train over these lines. When we have covered one part of the state, we can have our special transferred to another road and continue the campaign. Of course this will be rather expensive, but I believe it is our only chance to win.

Now the paper will be the Banner, and I propose to issue it every morning in a different town, but it will be the 'traveling' edition. We could not afford to neglect our patrons while conducting a campaign 'razzle-dazzle,' so the paper will have to be issued at Everettville each morning, as in the past. A special train of eleven cars would do the work. That would give us one coach for the editorial room, one for the type-setting machines, one for the make-up men, a car for the stereotypers, a press car, a mailing car, a car for paper and supplies, a diner, two sleepers and a power car for transporting our dynamo. Some of these cars will have to be built to order, but the rest could easily be chartered from a railroad company.

"Now these are all the details I can give you just now, but I promise to have everything arranged in two weeks. What do you think of the scheme?"

Twelve prominent politicians sat spell-bound about the table as Smathers unfolded his plans. Not a man moved, not one interrupted with a word, and all forgot to smoke.

"Why," said Rutherford, a banker from Russellville, "the plan's simply great. It will cost like fury, but what do we care for that? I can raise a hundred thousand in a week, and if this don't wake up the people, nothing will do it."

So the matter was decided then and there. Smathers was given free rein to carry out his scheme, and was furnished the entire campaign fund, with promise of more in case he should run short. Smathers immediately set to work like a Trojan, having secured the assistance of a large corps of lieutenants. As several corporations of national importance were interested in the victory of the democrats he was not afraid to spend money in large chunks. The sleepers, dining car, editorial, power, storage, mailing and make-up cars were easily provided, but the press

car, machine car and stereotyping car proved a more difficult problem. However, a large car-manufacturing plant was located just thirty miles from Everettville, and the remaining cars were turned out under rush orders in four days. A press that had been used by the Banner before it attained to greatness was installed in a car built for its reception, and six linotype machines were set up in another car. When the dynamo was ready for use the cars were connected with feed wires, display type, ink, matrices, paper and all the other necessities of a complete newspaper plant were bundled aboard, and the train was ready.

Smathers himself was to be editor-in-chief, with a staff of seven men—an editorial writer, an utility man, a telegraph editor and four reporters. Six linotype operators, two case men, a foreman and an assistant foreman, three stereotypers, a pressman and two assistants, two porters for the sleeping cars, an electrician to look after the dynamo and keep the wiring of the train in order, a chef and three waiters for the dining car, two proof-readers, galley boy, copy boy, two mailing clerks and a force of fifteen newsboys, with a circulation man to look after them, completed the force which Smathers engaged. There would be no business department, since all advertising contracts had already been made at the home office of the Banner. The expense account promised to be enormous, but money was no consideration just then.

Smathers decide that he would travel from one town to another in the daytime and get out the paper at night, as it was to be a morning daily. He calculated that he would map out his itinerary like that of a circus and so arrange his schedule that he could spend the night in the town where he wanted his paper to appear.

Of course rumors of Smathers' stupendous project got abroad and created an

immense sensation. It was derided by many papers, extolled by others and discussed by the entire country. In the meantime the Banner was being widely advertised. The scheme was talked about from one end of the land to the other and its failure was confidently predicted by the leading republican organ, but Smathers was undaunted, and continued his preparations with characteristic vigor.

The itinerary, practically covering the state and including dates extending through one month, was at last arranged. It was proposed to print in full the speeches of all the campaign orators every morning. These would be sent by wire to the town where the newspaper special happened to be on the night when they were delivered.

The day for departure arrived. With much ceremony, amid the blare of whistles and the waving of flags, Smathers' traveling newspaper rolled out from Everettville at nine o'clock in the morning, and by three in the afternoon had reached Downdale, the first stop. En-route Smathers and his assistant had been busily engaged in writing some spirited editorials. He intended to make the editorial page strong, so he put all the fire of a vigorous personality into the attacks which he made on the opposite party.

As soon as the special arrived at Downdale it was side-tracked. The four "star" reporters carried along by Smathers got out into town to "dig up" some choice local "stories," the electrician inspected the train to see that the power car and wiring were both in order, while the remainder of the force that would not be engaged until night strolled about town. The arrival of Smathers' train had been awaited with impatience by the people, a large crowd of them being at the station when the special drew up. Soon the advent of the traveling newspaper was known far and wide and the citizens were in a fever to

know how the first issue would look.

Promptly at seven o'clock that evening the power was turned on, the machine men began work on a good run of editorial-page copy, the reporters dropped in one at a time, saying they had very good luck, considering the fact that they were in a new town, and the making of a first class ten-page daily paper was begun. The democrats in each town were expected to render all the assistance possible in advertising the Banner's traveling edition, and in helping the reporters to get up local news, which was to deal chiefly with political matters in the town.

Messenger boys began to arrive, bearing dispatches telling of the progress of the campaign in various parts of the state and giving verbatim reports of the speeches delivered that day and night. Down at the home office of the Banner, Torrey, an expert telegraph editor, was working like a fiend to condense the most important telegraphic news coming in over the Associated Press wire and send it by telegraph to the telegraph editor at Downdale. This special service was rather expensive, but money was plentiful, and before starting Smathers had closed all the advertising contracts he could handle for a month, at fancy prices.

The reporters also turned in some local "stories" that had snap about them and were destined to prove very acceptable reading matter, to the surprise of citizens of Downdale the next morning. At eleven o'clock Smathers rubbed his hands together in quiet satisfaction. Affairs were running as smoothly as if he were getting out the regular edition of the Banner at home.

Promptly at twelve o'clock the stereotypers reported that everything was ready in their department and began to receive the forms. A constant stream of messenger boys soon brought to the editorial car more than enough copy to make up a readable first page, the fore-

man got along swimmingly in the composing room, and promptly at three o'clock the press was running smoothly and printing the first edition of *The Traveling Banner*.

In the mailing room all was hurry and bustle. Smathers was going to send out the paper broadcast over the state to all the regular exchanges and the newsdealers. To do this it was necessary to catch the early morning train out of Downdale, a feat that was easily accomplished by the experienced mail clerks whom Smathers had employed.

At five o'clock the force of newsboys were waking the echoes in the streets with their shrill cries and by six o'clock the papers were going like hot cakes at five cents a copy. Every man, woman and child in town tried to get one, and Smathers received some fabulous offers for advertising space. At nine o'clock the tired night workers were sleeping comfortably in their Pullman berths, the newsboys had been recalled, Downdale had been blanketed with the *Banner's* traveling edition and the newspaper special was flying toward Throckton, a hustling town 120 miles distant. When this place was reached the same program was successfully repeated.

When the first edition of *The Traveling Banner* was received in various parts of the state it created the greatest sensation in the history of national journalism. Smathers found himself a famous man.

Papers in all parts of the country devoted columns to the unique venture, describing life on the newspaper special. In addition to the interest awakened by the novelty of the scheme Smathers' brilliant editorials and the buoyant tone of the campaign dispatches began to have their effect on voters. The *Banner's* traveling edition was the most widely read paper in the state, and if Smathers had cared to build up a circulation list, he would have been swamped. Slowly the tide began to set for the democrats.

One month had passed away. Smathers' ticket had scored a sweeping victory — thanks to the famous newspaper special — and he had just succeeded in disposing of the plant at small loss. Not a single mishap had marred the special's tour of the state. Smathers, feeling properly jubilant, was standing in Cannon's "place" in Everettville telling a party of friends how it happened.

"Well, boys," he said at the conclusion of his story, "we did the trick. Our man has been elected, and I have just succeeded in getting the newspaper special off my hands. The *Banner's* circulation has been increased to 150,000 through the advertising it received from the traveling edition, and I have on hand about \$75,000, proceeds of the sale of the plant after settling up outstanding obligations, which I shall return to the treasurer. Gentlemen, what will you have?"

INDIVIDUALS By Walt Whitman

UNDERNEATH all, individuals!

I swear nothing is good to me now that ignores individuals,
The American compact is altogether with individuals,
The whole theory of the universe is directed to one single individual — namely, to You.

— From "*Marches Now the War Is Over.*"

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By Helen Arthur

NEW YORK CITY

XXVI

ETHEL BARRYMORE

ON one of the snow-blizzard days in New York I went to a matinee of "The Twin Sister," a play in which Charles Richman and Margaret Anglin had leading roles. In the orchestra there were twenty persons, perhaps, and not a soul in the boxes, next to one of which I sat. Just as the curtain rose, a tall girl came into it alone. She was all in brown and she wore the loveliest furs. I remember how quietly she sat and that I almost bowed to her, so familiar was her face and manner. She applauded each player's entrance and really gave an air of festivity to what had promised to be a dreary matinee.

In the old Weber-Fieldian days, on Tuesday afternoons, she could often be seen watching, with interested eyes, the dancing of her friend Bonnie Magin. To Miss Barrymore's fine freedom from self-consciousness Carlotta Nilsson owes a great debt. Miss Nilsson had just met with much success playing Mrs. Elvsted in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Hedda Gabler," and was putting on, for one performance, an impossible play called "Love's Pilgrimage." It told the usual story of a wronged girl, her child, and her revenge. The piece had been put on hurriedly, but somehow you felt that Carlotta Nilsson's whole soul was in the thing. Everywhere there was that air of tension, the sort that a mishap might turn into a laugh, a nervous laugh, to be sure, but one that would as surely spoil the entire effect. Once, but for Ethel Barrymore, this would have happened. The Gerry society had forbidden the appearance of babies on the stage, and Miss Nilsson was forced to use a

"property" child, and one so palpably a "rag-baby" that it would not have been remarkable if an audience had been moved to laughter by it. The pathos of the play had gotten over the foot-lights and reached Miss Barrymore, to whom Miss Nilsson's art had made all things real, and there, forgetful of everything save the sad little heroine, Miss Barrymore put her own brown head on the rail of her box and sobbed and sobbed. At the end of the scene, Miss Barrymore's tear-stained face was perhaps the greatest tribute Miss Nilsson received, and the audience had followed her lead.

Again I saw Ethel Barrymore change the whole aspect of a performance. It was at a testimonial tendered to Joseph Holland; dozens and dozens of famous players were participating. The whole affair, to be a success, depended upon creating an air of good-fellowship, for most of the actors were playing New York engagements, and had little or no time for preparation. There was a prompter somewhere behind the scenes and he was called into service continually, which in itself did not make for smoothness. Miss Barrymore forgot her lines—the prompter gave them to her. She couldn't hear him—he repeated them, and when she missed them a second time, Miss Barrymore turned in his direction and said: "Please give me my lines. I've come all the way from Chicago to say them and I mean to."

These are the things which endear Ethel Barrymore to the public. Her work as an actress is improving so rapidly that one has a feeling that she is a genius. I saw her Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," and it was very real to me. She had never seen the play



ETHEL BARRYMORE

Photograph copyright 1904 by Frank Scott Clark, Detroit



HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Photograph by Sarony, New York

performed by others, and her conception of the part was quite her own.

The man to whom Ethel Barrymore is engaged is Captain Harry Graham, and with the dedication lines of his latest book I think this little sketch may fitly end:

"One single favor do I crave
Which is that you regard my pen
As your devoted, humble slave;
Most fortunate shall I be then
Of mortal men.
For what more happiness insures
Than work in service such as yours?"

3

XXVII

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Miss Crosman is very proud of her military ancestry. Her grandfather was a general during the Civil war, her uncle a classmate of Admiral Dewey's and her father a major in our regular army.

When she was a young girl, Miss Crosman's family suffered reverses and she had to consider ways and means of earning her own living. She had a remarkable soprano voice and her parents had been advised to send her to Paris to have it cultivated. There was no way that this could be done except to mortgage the home, so mortgaged it was, and the girl, only sixteen at the time, with her mother started for France. She progressed rapidly and her hopes were high, when, by some unexplained mishap, her singing voice failed.

Then it happened that an uncle of

hers got her a chance to meet the manager of the Pittsburgh Opera House, and timid little Henrietta walked out on that big stage with just two men for an audience and recited the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." Badly as she probably did it, her talent was unmistakable, and she secured a position with a road company. By the hardest kind of work, the twenty-four-hours-a-day kind, she got a New York engagement at Daly's. Clever she certainly was, but professional jealousy made her life a burden to her, and she went back to stock work in Pittsburgh at the same theater where she had recited so long ago. Often when ideas occurred to her she would arise from bed at one or two in the morning and work them out then and there. Then domestic unhappiness forced a separation upon her and again she went her own way alone.

By chance the manuscript of "Mistress Nell" came into her hands, but it belonged to the playwright, who himself was poor and needed to sell it. It is a long story, the one relating to her steadfast belief in the play, her purchase of it, the opening night in New York with just fifty-seven dollars paid admissions, then its tremendous success; but it is pleasant to remember that since that time Miss Crosman has had one triumph after another. The critics have lauded her "Rosalind," the public has packed the theater month after month to see her "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and now her new play, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," is adding to her laurels.

THE REPUBLIC



By Walt Whitman

OTHERS take finish, but the Republic is ever constructive, and ever keeps vista;

Others adorn the past — but you, O days of the present, I adorn you!

O days of the future, I believe in you! I isolate myself for your sake;

America, because you build for mankind, I build for you!

* * * * *

Bravas to all impulses sending sane children to the next age!

But damn that which spends itself, with no thought of the stain, pains, dismay, feebleness it is bequeathing.

— From "Marches Now the War Is Over"

AND THE MAN SAID: "THE WOMAN"

By Florence Edith Austin

WOODSTOCK, ILLINOIS

THE judge had taken his seat upon the bench, prepared to weigh a human soul in the balance; the opposing attorneys were in place; a venire of unhappy-looking men had been brought in from whom to cull a jury; and the sheriff had paid unconscious tribute to William the Conqueror by crying the court open with an "Oyez".

The court room was crowded with the usual motley medley—some drawn thither by a feverish interest in the prisoner, the majority by that fascination of the horrible that lies at the back of so many of our minds.

From the chaste, temple-like walls the busts of Moses, Solomon, Solon and Lycurgus looked down with judicial, interlocutory countenances upon the prisoner, who, a few yesterdays ago, was only an ordinary, obscure medical student, but had suddenly become a national character—his name had trickled even into foreign countries with the chronicling of another American atrocity.

While the charge against the prisoner was read out by the clerk, the audience scrutinized the young man, dissected his face, as it were, strove to probe his mind, to search out, from the demeanor of the man, a possible motive.

There were none of the common earmarks of the criminal about the accused. His was an essentially attractive face, and he possessed a manner of poise, of sureness, of ability, that prepossessed all in his favor; while the keen gaze with which he scanned the panel showed him a student of mankind.

As his eyes rested analytically upon one of the men deemed "worthy", there came into them a flash of recognition, and he whispered eagerly to his counsel,

who, in turn, took a sudden interest in this person singled out by his client. And by those manipulations known to the legal fraternity, the attorney so managed matters that when the jurors were impaneled this man was first choice of both prosecution and defense and hence foreman of the twelve.

Then followed the arraignment by the attorney for the state, whose accusation against the prisoner as the murderer of his brother by marriage and his paramour was one of the most sensational and impassioned ever calculated to carry conviction to a Chicago jury. The hearers shuddered, struck to their very souls, but the countenance of the accused flashed back only indignant denial.

"Nothing is so terrible as man," prologued the prosecuting counsel. "Each havoc of nature is immediately eclipsed by some self-devastation of humanity. The wrath of God is easily outdone by human wreckage that lies at the door of man himself. Earthquake and fire and flood and storm cannot compare with the red records of war, of racial persecution, or the savagery of man.

"The greatest and vilest of human crimes is murder—the pushing of a human soul out of life in haste, all unprepared. And the circumstances under which these two lives were taken could not be surpassed in the days of Sodom. Revenge was undoubtedly the basis of the whole plot—revenge was the germ that created this case.

"Why the murdered man should have deserted a wife like the sister of the accused, how he could cast aside this high-bred, beautiful, gracious and virtuous woman to form a liaison with such a person as the one he was found slain

beside, is one of the mysteries of the heart which none of us can explain.

"But the fact remains that this dead man had made the ten commandments into one, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife—in vain.' Hence, gentlemen of the jury, it is conceivable that the prisoner was incited to avenge the insult to his sister by compassing the death of the person who had deserted her for another woman. But I will proceed to prove to you that this man had a more impelling motive, a vendetta of his own to work out. Gentlemen, you may with impunity wound a man in his pride, you may venture to do injury to those he loves as his life; but aim a blow at that man's possessions, his money, and you have a dangerous person to reckon with.

"Yes, gentlemen, this dead man had fallen so low as to rob his wife of her patrimony to give to this wanton woman; he had pauperized his children and also had embezzled the fortune of the accused, the while cleverly keeping himself beyond the reach of the law.

"These, gentlemen, were the incentives of the crime; and the chain of evidence is so clear, so unbroken, so convincing, that the calling of the witnesses is but little more than a legal formality to prove the prisoner a wrathful, hot-blooded avenger."

And when the case for the state was concluded there had been fitted and matched and mortised as complete a structure of fact as ever shut erring mortal in.

At length the attorney for the defense arose, and in the excited silence that held the crowded court room enthralled, he began:

"You have heard my brother of the bar give his hypothesis of this crime, but I beg of you, gentlemen of the jury, not to confound theory with evidence. I wish that I could prove to you, as my client has proven to me, that he had no more to do with the moral bearings of this case than the handmaid of the

Levite, whose body was cut into pieces and sent to the twelve tribes of Israel, had to do with the destruction of Gibeah. My client was but the sport of events; a broken vow was the cause. Evil wreaks punishment upon itself—that is the law.

"If the happenings of the night of December twelve could be passed before you in kinetoscopic view, they would show you a triply injured, diabolically duped man, and a woman who should have been a sister to the Borgias. No mind can conceive of incidents so strange, so inexplicable, so appalling as those of actual occurrence. My best, my only witness is my client; and with the permission of the court I will ask him to take the stand. He, and he alone can give to you the true and peculiar facts of the case. Gentlemen of the jury, there is no one to combat his testimony—and in the eyes of the law his given word is as good as any man's private opinion."

As the young man mounted to the witness stand, the atmosphere of the court room seemed to undergo a sudden change, and to be dominated by his personality. For a while he stood silent and irresolute, the color rising to his still boyish face, and his eyes wandered in obvious embarrassment over the tiers of staring people, over the judge, the jury, to rest at length with beseeching insistence on the foreman of the twelve, who, in response, leaned forward, and, in that wordless telegraphy of which the eye is capable, conveyed to him a message that only the prisoner could interpret. But upon that hint he spoke in a strong, tense voice, fearlessly and fearfully earnest.

"Your honor, gentlemen of the jury, I want to cry before the world my innocence. I want to shout the facts to the universe,—to send through you the shudder that convulses me, so that everybody may be made to feel that the one who committed this crime is not I who stand before you accused.

"I admit that my sister and myself have been deeply injured, past mercy and past forgiveness, and I do not deny a scheme of revenge. But I would not have killed my enemy. Death defeats revenge. I would have had him live. I would have let him know what it was to have people look askance at him, to feel the thousand little slights that can be put on the misdoer; to be set forever beyond the pale of society. That, gentlemen of the jury, is the revenge that kills the soul and saps what little joy there may be in life.

"But of blood guiltiness I can only protest my innocence and ask you, gentlemen of the jury, to weigh my story carefully and impartially and apply to it your conscientious and deliberate judgment. All I ask is for you to consider my irreproachable past, my unquestioned integrity, except for that single hour for which I now have to account.

"The history of that one hour has a wealth of fact and circumstance. Every fact and every circumstance was created by one woman, and I was made the victim of these circumstances created by her. I merely brought into sway the facts started by her—facts for which she alone was responsible. And being merely a dupe, a tool, I cannot explain these facts—I can merely give my interpretation, since they can never be explained, refuted or contradicted, for she, their creator, is dead.

"Before God I swear that I was simply an unlucky devil whose only crime was that of being out late at night. It came about in this wise. Since the opening of this last semester it has been the custom of three of my fellow students to drop into my room each evening for a relaxing game of cards. This evening nine o'clock came, but none of my chums. It grew to be ten, eleven, half past, and still not one of them appeared. Then, arriving at the conclusion that they must have received

information of an unexpected clinic, but had neglected to notify me, and also feeling the need of a breath of the night air, I quit study and started for the hospital.

"The streets were almost empty of foot passengers, and I strode along enjoying the freshness and the quiet of the night. While I was loitering at the corner of Cottage Grove and Twenty-sixth street, to finish my cigar, a south-bound car stopped to let a single passenger descend—a woman, conspicuous in evening dress and seemingly very much alarmed at being out alone at this unconventional hour. Her actions were all calculated, I know now, to call attention to herself.

"She came across to where I stood and looked anxiously down the street for a cross-town car. Ordinary civility compelled me to inform her that the owl car had but just passed, and that it would be an hour before another was due.

"She turned on me a glance of startled recognition, then hastily averted her face, and, murmuring her thanks, started toward Prairie avenue. She walked to where the red walls of that great maelstrom of misery offers shelter to suffering mankind in the name of mercy, then, strange antithesis! right where the white lights of the Sisters' hospital fell full upon her, she stopped, wavered a moment in obvious indecision, then came swiftly back to where I still stood watching after her, still forking over the old mass of memory and seeking for her a name. I had certainly seen her somewhere, sometime, and hers was not a face or form to be easily forgotten. Events would have ended differently had memory not played me this trick. It struck me that her perturbation was a trifle overdone, when she came up to me, and, with ladylike simplicity, explained that her husband, a physician, had been summoned to a patient just as they were leaving for an evening at the

theater. On his promising to meet her there, she had ventured to go alone, but when the performance was ended and he had failed to appear she concluded that he was still detained with his patient, and had started for home alone.

"The missing of the midnight car had thrown her into a panic, she declared with charming naivette, and would I be so kind as to escort her to her house which was several blocks away. Most certainly I would—common gallantry required it of me. And who among you, gentlemen, would not have done just what I did, as unsuspicious as myself of any ulterior design?

"God of vengeance! Is it possible for two persons to walk the streets of this city at midnight, unseen, unrecognized by anyone? Is there no one witnessed this woman accost me? or who saw us together enter her door?

"I confess to not remembering of meeting or seeing a soul, but I was under a siren spell—as in a trance I walked. Gentlemen of the jury, I can never make you feel that woman's irresistible, devilish, fascinating personality. I now understand why, after a lifetime of irreproachable respectability, my brother-in-law fell for her, though at the time I attributed her baneful witchery to my youth and inexperience with women.

"In a dozen ways the woman betrayed the fact that she knew me, while I was still hopelessly at a loss to reestablish her identity; and when I caught her eyes fixed on me with a queer, malicious gleam I concluded, fool-wise, that she was merely making sport of my short memory, and would reveal herself ere we reached her door.

"But when we arrived at the number she had named, with a nervous little laugh, whose meaning I have since reinterpreted, she directed my attention to a light in a room she called the library, and explained that her husband, probably finding that he must miss meeting

her down-town, had evidently returned directly to their home; and she insisted in her irresistible way that I, being somewhat of a medical man myself, must come in and meet him. And her anxious insistence that I come in, regardless of the hour, impressed me that there was something of which she was fearful. Perhaps she wished the witness of my youth in explaining her escort to a jealous husband—I had known such men—and not being able to fix on any plausible alternative reason, decided that she was only another husband-fearing wife. Here again, to my sorrow and ruin, gallantry required me to comply.

"She let us into the house with her own latchkey, and left me in the drawing room while she went in search of her husband, whom, she surmised, she would find busy preparing a chafing-dish supper.

"I thought it peculiar that she should shut the door after her into the hall, and when through the stillness I could hear the silken swishing of her draperies in some remote room as she moved about in seeming hurried preparation, but no sound to suggest that there was anyone with her—not a foot-fall nor a whisper, I began to think it more than odd. Finally a door was opened and instantly slammed to with a sharp thud, and I heard her utter a frightened, stifled shriek, scarce more than a gasp, but it brought to my mind a sense of something more than unusually wrong—a premonition that grew on me when on the back of this there ensued a silence that seemed without end.

"For a while I sat in embarrassment, mystification and wonder; waiting, expecting I hardly knew what, hoping that yet the Lorelei of the bronze hair and violet eyes would reappear—or even a rumpus with an irate husband would have been welcomed. But there was only the awful, utter silence, such as one feels when entirely alone in a house.

"A half-hour must have elapsed, and

I resolved that courtesy did not require my lingering there any longer; and if there was a tragedy of a domestic nature being enacted, perhaps it would be just as well for me to absent myself. So, scribbling an apology on my card, I laid it on the table and attempted to leave the room.

"Gentlemen, you can never imagine my consternation at finding that the door opening into the hall was locked!

"For a moment I stood absorbed in trying to disentangle the puzzle of this adventure that had been thrust upon me. I could not doubt now that the woman had recognized me and brought me there on that account, but for what purpose I could not even surmise. Through my head a score of conjectures chased each other into blind alleys. That it was no ordinary practical joke I felt convinced, recalling the woman's earnestness of manner; and I was inclined to smash a window and shriek for help, but, gentlemen, the bane of being country-born alone restrained me—the fear was on me that I had been foolishly trapped and would be laughed at in the newspapers for a greenhorn.

"I had the muscle to protect myself from any physical injury, I reflected, while through my nerves tingled that subtle thrill that waits on those whose souls delight in strange happenings—and rightly or wrongly, wisely or unwisely, I determined to see this adventure to its end.

"The only other exit from the drawing room, except into the hall, was a door that I knew must communicate with the room she had designated as the library; so, cautiously crossing the floor, I suddenly threw open the door to avoid surprise, but on the threshold I stood still, frozen cold.

"'O God!' I cried. 'O God!' I felt that I could leap out of myself with horror—with horror of what I saw. Gentlemen, no language ever prepared words to ex-

press such terror, such agony as mine.

"For one staggering, soul-freezing instant I stood staring at my perfidious brother-in-law, who sat huddled in a chair immediately facing me. His head lolled horribly to one side, and his arms hung down with a peculiar heaviness that instantly suggested death, while his clothing had been drenched with a deluge of blood that still drummed in drops on the floor. A reading light hung directly over his head and an evening paper lay, weighted with the red flood, across his lap. Everything indicated that he had been taken unawares, and his throat slashed by somebody from behind; from my slight knowledge of coagulum I realized that he must have been dead for several hours. All this I saw with a dreadful clearness and keenness of vision that of itself was torture.

"Then, like a flash, the whole hideous plot was revealed to me—that woman, and that woman alone, was guilty of this monstrous crime!

"Returning memory told me this was the woman who had stolen my sister's husband and now had taken his life, and I realized that the reason why I had not recognized that Jezebel was because she had dyed her blond hair a color that completely disguised her to me. I had known her but slightly, having never seen her, all told, more than a half-dozen times, and then before the scandal, when my interest in her was slight.

"To understand the profound roots of this tragedy, it seems necessary to go somewhat into the past of this woman. From the time she came to live in our little Wisconsin village her domestic relations had been town talk. She had married for money where she did not love. That she did not even respect her husband was day gossip, and when she found the one she did love, she threw herself at him in a way that loosened the tongues of a little Babel. He, the husband of my sister, had been a physician in good standing until then, but for this

woman he gave up the struggle for conventionality and honor, gave up kindred, associates and home and wrecked the structure he had been building since childhood. There had followed some scandal, a quick disappearance, a fortnight's aftermath in the buzz of the village, two broken families who must readjust themselves to facts, and all was over.

"But it is the nature of man to repent and the disposition of woman to be avenged. 'Whoso breaketh an hedge a serpent shall bite him,' wrote the wisest man. However, society leaves a gap in the hedge for the man to return, while closing it infrangibly against the woman. Hence, when the man had begun to feel the keenness of the sting of the serpent, to lose his relish for the devil's feast spread beyond the hedge, to feel the shame and the ostracism—companions that would go always with them twain step by step down the long vista of the future—he had commenced his preparations to play the coward and abandon the woman who had abandoned all for him.

"This much we know and have the evidence. We can only surmise her natural revolt against desertion and the prospect of suffering alone the consequences of her error. She had witnessed the fate of such women when the world has repudiated them. She had seen the poor, tattered, wretched, tearful, hopeless creatures drifting lower and lower, while the man resumed the garment and companionships of morality. Oh, the pathos of it! Oh, the helplessness of the woman! Gentlemen, this sex discrimination justified the crime! For it is clear to my mind that when the moment came this woman was prepared with an audacious plan of revenge, a most deliberate, diabolical revenge, planned with all the ingenuity and finesse of which only an arch demon could be capable, and which she carried out without a single hitch until she en-

deavored to throttle me in her scheme of vengeance. Obviously, in pursuance of plans carefully laid and pondered, she slashed his throat as he sat reading, then she calmly proceeded with her line of defense.

"You have heard the witnesses testify how she left a ticket for this man she called her husband at the office of the theater, how she sat conspicuous in a box throughout the entertainment, and how, on leaving the theater she again attracted attention to herself by stopping at the office and expressing her surprise that this husband had not called for her.

"Thus she prepared her alibi. What her intentions were for subsequent proceedings we can only surmise from the ransacked condition of the house and the silver and jewelry she had thrown into a bag and dropped near a rear window she had purposely left open to direct suspicion to an imaginary burglar.

"But whatever were her plans, they manifestly underwent a complete change when what seems little short of fate led to that midnight meeting with me and a recognition that has been to my undoing.

"If this woman had, by some special endowment, been privileged to create her own opportunities for the execution of her design, she could not have timed things better, nor found a more suitable tool to hand, for she instantly saw in me the one factor with whom she could best direct suspicion from herself, and also she saw one more chance to injure my sister, whom she hated for no other reason than that she had already deeply injured her.

"I, gentlemen, was the weapon to give the finishing stroke to her revenge.

"All this flashed on me, and also how at that very moment she might be fixing the rope around my neck. And as my brain cleared the more I became terrified at the possible results of being discovered there, for of course my presence in that house admitted of no inno-

cent explanation, least of all the true one, should that arch-demon choose to dispute it.

"Gentlemen, I was but a miserable, frightened boy. I was frenzied. My one coherent conception was the necessity of getting away from there undetected. I peered cautiously out of a window overlooking the street to discover a policeman idly swinging his club under the arc light at the corner.

"Frantic with fear, I then thought to escape through a room that opened darkly to the rear, only in my wild rush to stumble over a body lying there on the floor and dabble myself with the blood that was pooling in a widening circle around it. An awful gasping, gurgling sob, as of mortal pain, told me that the person was not dead, and the realization that it was a woman, together with my professional instinct, prompted me to forget personal safety for the moment.

"Gentlemen, it was not the act of a criminal to switch on all the lights as I did, and, indifferent to the crushing coil of circumstances that were every moment tightening about me, to sacrifice precious time, if not my life, to minister to that dying woman, whom, to my astonishment, I discovered to be the one who had brought me thither.

"Beside her lay a sharp, slender game knife, with which she had probably first slaughtered my recreant brother-in-law, and then, not more than a few minutes since, had cut her own throat—and I, of all unfortunate persons! was in at the last desperate rush of their souls to the seat of judgment.

"I was not slow in placing an interpretation upon the facts as they appeared; but why she should have added suicide to her crime of murder I could not then understand—not until the watchman testified that he had been attracted to the house by the discovery of the open window, and when she attempted to slip away by a rear door, he, thinking her a possible burglar, had

covered her with his gun with the warning, 'In the name of the law.' Believing herself about to be arrested, she had sprung back, shut and barred the door, and, with the same utter abandon of heart as that with which she had robbed another woman of her husband, she now deliberately sacrificed me with herself.

"Yet, divining all this, I am not ashamed, gentlemen, that, in a crisis which amply justified all the horror and repugnance which a mortal can feel at the prospect of becoming a vicarious sacrifice, I stopped to succor this dying woman.

"With my penknife I slit away the blood-soaked gown, bared the breast and injected, subcutaneously, the contents of my hypodermic syringe, which was already charged with a solution of glonin. Then I proceeded to stanch the flow of blood and close the wound.

"It was a terrible task, but I was toiling to conjure the secret of her villainous plot from the woman's fast-failing intelligence. The heart responded bravely to the powerful stimulant and in a few minutes she opened her eyes. Did I only seem to perceive a flicker of understanding, a gleam of demoniac triumph upon the siren features? Ah, whether she could not or would not speak, I do not know. At least she made no effort, no response to my frantic pleadings.

"All this while I was doing my utmost to resuscitate her, I saw in vivid panorama myself arrested for her sin; I witnessed this trial; I heard the hum of the court room, the decision of the jury, the sentence of the judge, and looming behind it all I saw the gallows; and, gentlemen, when at length she breathed her wicked last, those minutes of deadly dread had unstrung my nerves, and throwing caution and reason to the wind, I rushed from that room, out into the street and into the arms of the policeman whom the watchman had summoned to assist investigate the mysteri-

ous doings he had observed about the place.

"Gentlemen of the jury, this is my explanation of the incoherent, incredible statement I am charged with making when the police wrung from me, half swooning as I was, the admission that I was cognizant of the double crime within that house, and it ought to account for those minutes of frenzied panic which followed.

"This, gentlemen of the jury, is the plain statement of my movements from the hour of midnight, December twelve, when, through the most malignant stroke of fortune, I met this woman on the corner of Cottage Grove and Twenty-sixth street, and one o'clock of the following morning, when I was arrested for the murder of this woman and my erring kinsman.

"Gentlemen, I am innocent of any crime, so I have no defense. As I was the only witness, there is no one I can call to my rescue. I cannot fabricate an alibi, because I was there. I can merely assign motives for this double crime, since the only person who could have explained the plot chose cruelly the silence of death. I have stated my hypothesis—there is nothing more I can say.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I rest my life with you."

The jury withdrew to the room consecrated to their service, where they stood about in groups discussing the different suppositions, but coming to no decision.

"It is as natural as breathing for a man to lie to save his life," opined the foreman with ominous conviction. And in response to the wave of excited comment that this generalization evoked he continued: "Yes, in all the years that I have served on juries, I have never seen falsehood so well probated and served out with such infallible consistency; but Frank was always good at spinning a yarn—and this was one of the times when murder is no crime—'twas the lad's only redress."

"Then you have previously known the prisoner?" queried one of the intensely interested eleven.

"From a baby," acknowledged the foreman.

"And your opinion is?"

"Guilty as hell! But having known all concerned, and the boy's provocation, my ballot shall be 'not guilty.'"

"Not guilty" was the verdict returned by the twelve good men and true.

A PORTRAIT OF A MAN By Walt Whitman

KNOW a man, a common farmer—the father of five sons;

And in them were the fathers of sons—and in them were the fathers of sons.

This man was of wonderful vigor, calmness, beauty of person;

The shape of his head, the pale yellow and white of his hair and beard, and the immeasurable meaning of his black eyes—the richness and breadth of his manners,

These I used to go and visit him to see—he was wise also;

He was six feet tall, he was over eighty years old—his sons were massive, clean, bearded, tan-faced, handsome;

They and his daughters loved him—all who saw him loved him;

They did not love him by allowance—they loved him with personal love;

He drank water only—the blood showed like scarlet through the clear-brown skin of his face;

He was a frequent gunner and fisher—he sailed his boat himself—he had a fine one presented him by a ship-joiner—he had fowling-pieces, presented to him by men that loved him;

When he went with his five sons and many grandsons to hunt or fish, you would pick him out as the most beautiful and vigorous of the gang.

A UNIVERSITY THAT MEANS BUSINESS

By Stephen J. Colvin

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

DOCTOR EDMUND J. JAMES, who was called to the presidency of the University of Illinois in the Fall of 1904, and who was formally installed into his office the week beginning October 15 of the year just closed, has long been prominent as an educator in economics and political and social science. Illinois is his native state. He was educated at Northwestern and at Harvard University, and later at the university at Halle in Germany. In 1883 he was called to the University of Pennsylvania to be professor of public finance and administration. He remained at this institution for thirteen years, during which time he administered the graduate school of the institution and was also the organizer and director of the Wharton School of Finance and Science. He was the first to establish a college course in the field of commerce and industry.

President James has always advocated the higher training of business men, and to his conviction, fearless championship and wise management is due in a large measure the success of this famous school. In 1892 he was sent by the American Bankers' Association to Europe to report on the education of business men abroad. The report which he made on this subject at once became a standard in England and the United States. In 1896 he was called to the University of Chicago as professor of public administration and director of the department of university extension. In 1902 he was elected president of Northwestern University. There he remained until his election as president of the University of Illinois.

He comes to the University of Illinois as its fourth president, the first head of the institution being Dr. John M. Greg-

gory, who was inaugurated in March, 1868. At that time the university comprised in its faculty three members, and had a student body of seventy-seven. Its material equipment consisted of one brick building. Today it has a faculty of over four hundred members and a student body of more than four thousand. It ranks fifth in size of the universities of this country; it comprises six distinct colleges and an equal number of schools. Its growth during the last decade has been greater and more uniform than that of any other state university in the middle West. Since 1894 it has increased five-fold in number.

President James has large plans for the future of the institution. He believes that the state university is destined to become a great group of professional schools preparing its students for the various occupations of life for which an extended scientific training based on adequate, liberal, preparatory training is necessary or desirable. It will abolish the old-fashioned American college as one of its departments, relegating a part of its work to the high schools and absorbing another part of this work in the university proper. It will cut off the freshman and sophomore years, letting the high school and college take them, while it will consolidate the junior and senior years with the graduate school into a general faculty of arts and science.

It will express, not merely the old-fashioned learned professions—law and medicine; it will prepare for engineering and architecture; it will be a professional school to prepare men and women for teaching in secondary and high schools; it will prepare for the many callings in applied science and will include the great field of scientific farming



PRESIDENT EDMUND J. JAMES, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

and business commerce in all its diversified forms. Its keynote will be the scientific training for a special calling, based on adequate, liberal preparation. By its requirement for adequate preliminary preparation of a general character it will be distinguished from the technical or trade school of secondary grade; by its scientific training it will be distinguished from the ordinary cram-shop now known as the professional school.

In a word, the state university which most fully performs its function for the American people will stand for training for vocation,—not training for leisure nor training for scholarship except as scholarship is a necessary incidental to all proper training for vocation or may be a vocation in itself.

The state university will thus supplement the great system of colleges and universities which has been built up by private beneficence and church activity. It will not undertake to displace or injure the private institution. Its attitude will be one of cooperation and not of exclusion.

The various religious denominations will doubtless establish local colleges in close proximity to the state university; in these ample provision will be made for instruction in religious subjects and maybe in other subjects as well for which the state university may not make adequate provision. Thus will be found in one center the freedom of the state university and the religious earnestness of the denominational college, and so one of the greatest problems of higher education will find its solution.

The state university will be essentially a democratic institution. It will also stand, in season and out of season, for the fullest opportunity in the field of higher education for women. It is destined to be a great civil-service academy preparing for the civil service of the nation, state, county and town as clearly, as definitely as West Point and Annapolis for the military and naval service.

The state university, in a certain sense, will be the scientific arm of the state. For the solution of many economic and industrial problems, laboratories well equipped and under the direction of trained investigators are necessary. All this work should go to the state university. The state university will bear most important relations to the educational system of the state. Its faculties should be organized so as to bring to bear their whole expert force upon the educational problems of the state.

Finally, the state university represents the corporate longing of the people for higher things in the field of education. Its creation marked a new era in the life of the American people. Just as it rose to higher levels when it accepted the free public high school, so it advanced to a new and higher outlook when it recognized in its corporate capacity its responsibility for the higher influence of the spirit embodied in the state university.

The above statements, taken from President James' inaugural address, indicate in part at least what he hopes the University of Illinois will become. He recognizes the great work before him, and brings to it enthusiasm, courage, tact, tireless energy and consistent devotion, which promise much for the institution at whose head he stands. [The motto of the University of Illinois is "Learning and Labor" and is done in English (according to Dr. Poultney Bigelow the only American university motto which employs the language of the country) and was intended originally to indicate that the work of the brain and hand should go together. In accordance with this idea the University of Illinois established in 1870 the first mechanical shops connected with a university or with any institute of higher learning in the world, and has since emphasized this feature of its work in its Engineering College which now numbers 1000 students, and also in its Agricultural College, which is a very important phase of university work.]

A LIFE WORTH THE LIVING

By Kate Sanborn

Author of "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," "Favorite Lectures," etc.

METCALF, MASSACHUSETTS

THERE are books and books; biographies and biographies; autobiographies readable and soon forgotten and another sort that have a lasting influence for good; a help and an inspiration to everyone. I have of late been greatly impressed by this last sort of a life-story. It starts wholesome, valuable lines of thought; perpetuates and carries on the grand work of a noble character.

If I were asked "What solid book of the past year do you advise me to give to a young man either just ready for college, or in college work, or graduated and looking about while deciding his future; or to send to a busy man who needs to be lifted out of business ruts and well-worn thought grooves as he sits by the library fire at night; or to purchase for a reading club or a circulating library?" I should say at once, "Get the 'Autobiography of Andrew Dickson White.'" And why? Because in these two volumes the truthful account is given of the long and distinguished career of a quiet scholar called to figure in public life as an educator, a diplomat, statesman, publicist, professor, president in large universities, state senator, special commissioner to Santo Domingo under President Grant, commissioner to the Paris Exposition, United States minister to Germany and to Russia, member of the Venezuelan commission and ambassador to Germany and always the brave and brilliant advocate of free thought and free speech.

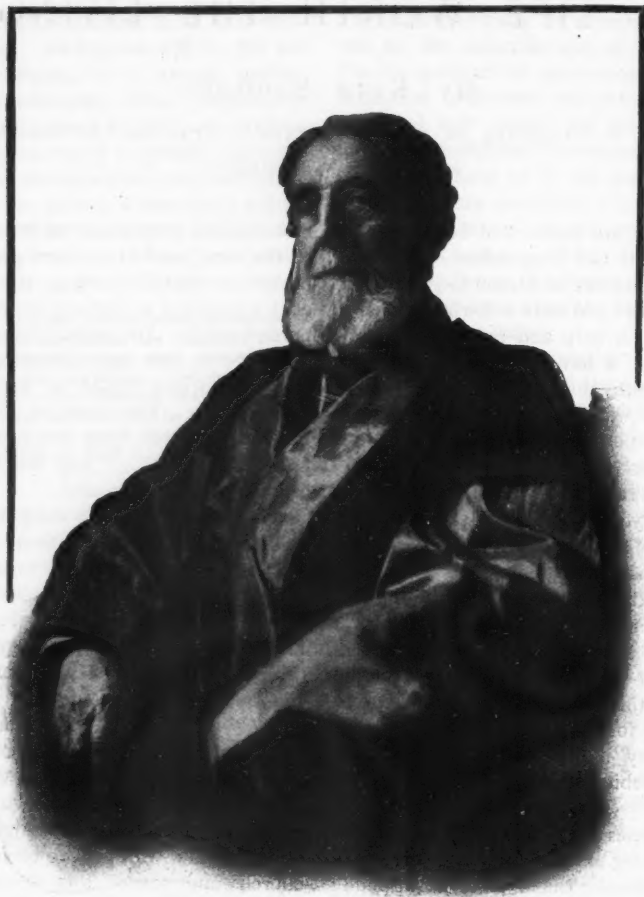
As a publicist, he has received honorary degrees from the best colleges in our own and other countries; the list of his writings fills seven pages at the end of his book, and his graphic, analytic, illu-

minating pen pictures of the famous men of the time, and the sovereigns whom he met on familiar terms, are by some critics regarded as perhaps the most important of all. The capital anecdotes he gives are so new and refreshing that a charming article could be made from those alone. His book he thinks of most importance, "The Warfare of Science with Theology," had the honor of a preface by John Tyndall.

When I offer White's straightforward, unaffected talk about his life as the most suggestive and stimulating to me, I do not forget similar works that have come to us from Hoar and Boutwell, Villard, E. E. Hale, Moncure Conway, Trowbridge, Jefferson and Higginson, in this country, and the dozens that have appeared abroad. Among them all, no one seems to have had such continued calls to follow the dream and the gleam of his childhood; partly inheritance from a long ancestry of sturdy thinkers and upright livers, with a deep reverence for church and school and a desire to know the heads of each. These early influences and their evident results show clearly that when a stone is fit for the wall it is found and used. Also, that if we all thought a little more about our talents and what we could do with them there would be fewer unimportant lives "rushing reputably to unknown graves." A little boy I know stood by his mother's knee and asked seriously, with a puzzled look in his wonderful dark eyes:

"Mother, what means my little life?"

White, even as a lad, studied for a future, possibly without realizing how thoroughly the foundations had been laid by his ancestors. For he was born



DR. ANDREW DICKSON WHITE, AT OXFORD, 1902

educated and was a free thinker, yet reverent to all things worthy of reverence. Many of us who are proud of our forbears and have accomplished little ought to feel, as Charles Lamb aptly put it, like a potato—"all that was worth anything under ground!" And through all difficulties, discouragements and assaults our modest, all-around hero has been an optimist, saying:

**"I have sought to fight the good fight.
I have sought to keep the faith; faith**

in a Power in the universe good enough to make truth-telling effective; faith in the rise of man rather than the fall of man; faith in the gradual evolution and and ultimate prevalence of right reason among men."

The paradox of Predestination and Free Will is less a puzzle when observing such a continually upward progress; the boy, the college student, the graduate traveling in foreign lands could easily have fallen from grace and blurred the family record; he could have re-

turned a traveled nobody. Many with the same advantages have turned out merely cumberers, or, (so coolly indifferent are they to the world's needs) cucumbers of the ground.

A model autobiography must be truthful, and the capital I does not mean egotism. Rev. Dr. Munger says that a habit of truthfulness pervades Mr. White's pages like an atmosphere. "One closes those open-paged volumes feeling that one has stayed a while in a world where no part is dark—the whole full of light."

Unlike some men of great brain power, White is always quiet and never oppressive; there is no trace of conceit, but a lot of genuine humor.

Some reviewer says: "White does not pose as a philosopher, but as a teacher of history; yet shows and led the way by which a university can show the harmony of science and theology."

What a great educator he has been! The founding and carrying along of Cornell is the most important of all his work; he had planned for this as a child almost, and Erza Cornell, with his surplus of half a million, aided to perfect the idea. He states that he was called away from nearly every work he began; yet he never refused to obey orders, wherever they might lead, and all the while was studying history, his ruling passion, and human nature.

What good and varied society he has known! He was acquainted with three emperors of Germany and with Bismarck; was in contact with nearly all the men who have made recent continental history; admires the Emperor William and considers the present czar as very indifferent to and ignorant of the distress of the poor of his country. Long before the recent conflict between Russia and Japan, White prophesied the humiliation if not the downfall of so weak and foolish a sovereign governed by those near him. "The punishment to be meted out to him and his house is sure."

I wish young men would note that he studied French and German in private families in France and Germany, as foreign languages should always be studied, if one expects any fluency of speech when conversing. And, test of tests, he was able to make a speech in French with Victor Hugo as a listener, and to chat with Kaiser Wilhelm and Bismarck. How precious the sketches of Bismarck, Tolstoi and the mysterious Russian procurator, with a dual mind of strong contrasts and jaw-dislocating name; the tyrannic, conservative Pobiedonostseff, whom White discovered to be a scholarly, kindly man. His name is spoken with abhorrence by millions within the empire of Russia and without it, and yet the first book he ever translated into Russia was Thomas a Kempis's "Imitation of Christ;" and Emerson's "Essays" are his favorite reading.

I will not repeat the splendid anecdotes of famous men and women, because I want you to get the volumes and pick out the plums for yourself. Greeley appears often, always in a most funny role.

A friend of Dr. White says he missed the point of one of the best and gives it in this way:

A brother Universalist having called to remonstrate with Horace Greeley on the omission of the Tribune to controvert those orthodox Christians who were filling the religious press of New York with revivalist sermons, denouncing damnation to all but the elect, found the great editor busy writing. He kept on writing while his caller said: "Mr. Greeley! do you mean to let these awful doctrines go unchallenged in your newspaper? that all but a few of the people of this great country are going to hell,—is that your idea of duty?" Finally Greeley's patience was exhausted; he lifted up his voice and spoke: "Not half enough people go to hell now; go there yourself!"

For a final thought White said as an educator:

"The first and best thing to do is to set people at thinking."

BEN FRANKLIN AND TOM PAINE

QUAINT AND ORIGINAL COMMENT UPON TWO OF
THE GREAT HEROES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD
IN AMERICA, WHOSE BIRTH ANNIVERSARIES FALL IN
THIS MONTH, BEN FRANKLIN'S JUST 200 YEARS AGO

By John McGovern

Author of "The Golden Censer," "The Fireside University," "Poems," "Plays," etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, OUR ONE "WORLD'S MAN," THE AMERICAN CONFUCIUS

THE seventeenth of January, each year, beholds in at least fifty of the cities of the United States what is probably the chief social festival, celebrating the anniversary of Ben Franklin's birth at Boston, Massachusetts. Dissociated from "partisan" feeling, republican-democrats, democrat-republicans, and less fashionable patriots meet in rivalry to do Franklin honor. Stepping forth into the only unummified question of the last forty years—that is, the Labor question,—it has come about that while the employers and the workmen no longer feel inclined to chase the happy hours in one pack, each side declares itself to be equally envious of the opportunity to solemnize the day of Franklin's splendid birth; and therefore the Typographers (higher wages, shorter hours) meet each year in one festal hall, and the Typothetæ (lower wages, longer hours) meet in some other bower of green and bloom, wherein (that is, in the right and left bower)—both companies have previously spent more money for smilax, roses and carnations than Poor Richard would have put out in a thousand years.

There are nineteen Franklins in the

state of Ohio; there must be a Franklin avenue, street, court, terrace and prospect in every large American city, and there are many such streets abroad; there are Franklin squares wherever the green grass defies the dark breathings of the Industrial Age; in my own city Joseph Medill supplied Lincoln Park with a costly Franklin statue, thus bringing slow-going Chicago into line with foreign cities. Franklin schools, libraries, banks, bank-notes, hotels, companies, fountains, portraits, stoves, batteries, presses—all these and many more curves of human affection, testify that, after all, Ben Franklin was a second Confucius. As our hearts stir in admiration of such a human being and his noble influence on the morals and the affairs of humanity, we find no other character than Confucius with which to compare him and are inclined to prophesy that as the American legend proceeds and electrical development reveals nature more clearly and as more indulgent to man, Franklin will be worshipped, or, at least, will be held in the veneration that the Chinese have accorded to their chief teacher.

The other day an imperial edict at Peking abolished the literary examina-

tions of 2,000 years' standing. Who knows but that curious old Ben Franklin, standing in the hallway, holding with almost impious but with trembling hand the dry end of the wet kite-string that ascended into the circuit of heaven's thunders—who knows but that very act abrogated the ancient customs and learning of what for 2,200 years had been the most successful human government in the world?

Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis. ("He wrested the lightning from heaven, and scepters from tyrants.") The same experiment killed the next scientist who tried it—Professor Richman at St. Petersburg, Rus-

Greece gave us the *story* of Prometheus, but America furnished the *man*.

Economy is not now a virtue so excellent as it was when pioneers were rebelling against tyranny, yet as man is instinctively a property-animal, living often into years of decrepitude, there will never come a time, probably, when the lessons of frugality impressed on the American people by Franklin will not serve the cause of order more efficiently than any other source of instruction. He practised what he preached. All other men save Confucius and Franklin, possessing their charm and wisdom, have revealed themselves to their disciples as prophets or kings.



BEN FRANKLIN

sia. Had either skies or tyrants hurled a fatal bolt at "the old arch-rebel" himself, how vastly different might have been the chronicles of the last 150 years.

He was the grandsire of the Revolution. He infuriated the Penns (the trust) and angered the king. He took the seemingly impossible cause of

American Independence to Paris and borrowed money on it—borrowed the last sou of an expiring but generous monarchy. He told the story of his earlier life in the style of Gil Blas, but beyond his incorrigible punning Franklin ceased being Gil Blas long before he reached middle age. He fitted literature to the ax, the saw, the splint, the well-sweep, the log house. He was one of the very few moral law givers of the ages, and succeeded among a people who daily held the Bible in their hands. Many of his sayings are supposed to be Bible doctrine by the undevout. In oak and hickory openings, among smoking log piles, charcoal kilns, along worm fences, resounded the maxims he was so sedulous in teaching—"Plough deep while sluggards sleep"; "There never was a good war or a bad peace"; "Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

He stopped the powerful draught at the big chimneys by inventing "the Pennsylvania fireplace" (stove). He proved (in a humorous way, of course) that nitrates and phosphates were fertilizers—for the higher grass read, in the green field, "This has been plastered."

They needed another director for the college Franklin had instituted, but they didn't want a Moravian (religionist.) "On this," purrs Franklin, "I was mentioned as being merely an honest man, and of no sect at all."

He proved that the people like a man who takes an interest in their affairs with a collateral view of not making himself any the poorer; that a man is disliked who attends strictly to his own business; while that man is pitied and finally denounced who impoverishes himself in behalf of the public.

In reading the "Autobiography," one must ever recall Franklin's besetting sin of having fun with himself. Dr. Bond wanted to found his hospital. "At length he came to me, with the compliment that he found there was no such

thing as carrying a public-spirited project through without my being concerned in it. 'For,' says he, 'I am often asked by those to whom I propose subscribing, "Have you consulted Franklin upon this business. And what does *he* think of it?" 'And when I tell them I have not, (supposing it rather out of your line) they do not subscribe, but say they will consider it.' " Thereupon Franklin took hold.

Here the uninitiated might opine that it were George Francis Train writing.

Again: "Thus, without studying in any college, I came to partake of their honors."

When it came to "eripping" the lightnings from heaven, Franklin waited a long time for a "projected" church spire to be built. It is a wonder he did not, in true Franklinian method, go around with subscription paper, to get the temple in order to use the steeple.

When Franklin was abroad, hobnobbing with the great men of Europe, who liked him as well as did the wood-choppers, we may be sure the Franklin job office and newspaper at Philadelphia gave him all the space he called for, while Bradford and the Penns, in their turn, faithfully called attention to the small value attaching to such glory. Of course, Franklin did not read his own puffs, but read the diatribes of his enemies with small comfort and great zeal. Therefore, imagine his surprise when on his return to Philadelphia he found himself the greatest man in Pennsylvania, with a grant of \$15,000 awaiting him.

Old Mr. Smooth wormed Lord Hillsborough out of the Colonial Office at London. Thereupon he went to call upon Lord Hillsborough to tell how sorry he was. The noble earl requested his caller to cease those tributes of affection. "I have never since," says Franklin, "been nigh him, and we have only abused one another at a distance."

At sixty-eight years Dr. Franklin had

attained that venerable and peaceful appearance in which an equally complacent world, from China to Peru, in spirit now views him. The sorrows and dangers of his glorious life and the main work he was to do for Liberty were still before him. We see him trembling but silent before the fireplace in the Privy Council at London, clad in the spotted velvet suit. I believe mankind to this day resents what Wedderburn, typical lawyer, said before Franklin on that occasion: "Nothing will acquit Dr. Franklin of the charge of obtaining the letters by fraudulent or corrupt means, for the most malignant of purposes, unless he stole them from the person who stole them. Into what companies will he hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or the honest intrepidity of virtue? Men will watch him with a jealous eye; they will hide their papers from him and lock up their escritaires. He will henceforth esteem it a libel to be called a man of letters — *homo trium literarum*." (In English, "A man of three letters"—*fur* being the Latin word for "thief," and having but three letters). "He not only took away the letters from one brother, but kept himself concealed till he nearly occasioned the murder of the other. It is impossible to read his account, the expression of the coolest and most deliberate malice, without horror. Amidst these tragical events — of one person nearly murdered, of another answerable for the issue, of a worthy governor (Hutchinson at Boston) hurt in his dearest interests, the fate of America in suspense — here is a man who, with the utmost insensibility of remorse, stands up and avows himself the author of all." "The bloody African is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American."

Dr. Franklin was thereupon discharged from office, all London inquired when he was to go to the Tower and Hutchinson at Boston avowed that it would be wise to prevent Franklin's return to America.

He went forth discredited and put away his spotted suit. Years afterward he appeared in that suit of clothes twice again — first to sign the treaty with France, next to sign the treaty with England that recognized the independence of the United States of America.

When the wonderful old magician began wheedling loans out of the French treasury, he never let go of a dollar that was foolishly paid without writing a long letter of regret announcing his early ruin; but congress, finding it hard to bankrupt him, soon became thoroughly hardened to his cries. He wrote: "A small increase of industry in every American, male and female, with a small diminution of luxury, would produce a sum far superior to all we can hope to beg or borrow from all our friends in Europe." He had lent his own fortune, he was giving his time; now he offered the people his counsel. Public wealth actually increased during the years General Washington was in his cheerless camps and Dr. Franklin was soliciting with all his earnestness — so true is it in society that some must suffer for the rest, or all will sink together.

At last America is free and Dr. Franklin leaves the faubourg of Passy — where radium was afterward discovered and fixed in a bromide. "It seemed," said Thomas Jefferson, "as if the village had lost its patriarch." But Philadelphia only received back its own, the bell of Liberty ringing. He came like a free-man, to die not on the tyrant's scaffold, to be buried under no common jail, to be pictured in no prison calendar. Beneath those white hairs lay a brain that for fifty years had not rested in the work of liberation. What other American had written, conversed, argued, pleaded, counseled so long, so unintermittingly, so successfully? He was that proud day, as he is this boastful day, the delight of mankind.

Humanity smiles upon his foibles as being almost universally its own. His

life and thoughts are on record more closely than any other great man's excepting Rousseau. He was the man of the time; Rousseau was the man of the future. Both were remarkable for the elaboration with which they entered upon any considerable undertaking. Both scorned the adventitious use of dress. Both were capable of charming almost anybody they set out to merely please. Not only did the old hero labor for Liberty, Equality, Humanity and Science, but to the generality of people his imperturbable good humor, his exhaustless wit, his *savoir faire*, his prudent methods, his genial love of human nature, notwithstanding the artifices

which he rarely failed to employ in dealing with average human nature, make him the prince of men. If we look closely into his weaknesses we shall observe that each one is merely the raveled end, not the beginning, of some noble thread in his character.

Our one World's Man had a mind so commanding that it is possible he could have lived alone all his life, unsalaried, unfavored and unflattered, and had he merely studied and written he would fill, on our bookshelves today, even a grander place than History, with an august sense of his statesmanship, morality and philosophy, has apportioned to his name.

THOMAS PAINE, THE AUTHOR OF "THE AGE OF REASON" AND THE HORACE GREELEY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

TOM PAINE was thirty-one years younger than Dr. Franklin, having been born January 29, 1737, and it was through Dr. Franklin's advice that the cogent young preacher and writer came to America and acted the part of the Camille Desmoulins of the American Revolution.

Had not this preacher turned deist and written "The Age of Reason," he would today wear the halo of one of our saints of liberty, for he was as efficient in his day as Greeley was from 1860 to 1865 in strengthening the cause of the American army and providing material aid for its support.

But everybody was religious in those days according to a printed code of faith. Everybody believed that God wrote the Bible, and then attached the codicil of the New Testament to it. Whoso did not believe was surely damned, and Tom Paine was no exception.

I should say that Volney, rather than the Encyclopedists or Tom Paine, was in at the real birth of the liberty of thought that we enjoy today. In the "Ruins of Empires" is outlined the precise Parliament of Religion that long-bearded Brother Bonney, to the astonishment of mankind, assembled at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. And as if they were reading out of Volney, day after day, each high priest—Confucian, Buddhist, Brahmin, Mohammedan, Shintoist, Shamanist, Hebrew, Christian—what not?—each set forth the reasons which led him to know that he alone knew all about the universe. I should except the Confucian, for the illustrious Pung Quang Yu expressly stipulated that the ethical systems of Confucius were not offered as a religion, and that the word "religion" does not exist in the Chinese language.

"The gift gains by the giver." The gift of liberty, or the gift of magnificent



MORSE'S BUST OF THOMAS PAINE

Placed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, September 11, 1905

Sketched for the National Magazine by M. L. Blumenthal

"For the centennial of 1876 the Boston Index raised a fund to present to Philadelphia a bust of Thomas Paine, to be placed in Independence Hall. Sydney H. Morse, a free-thinker, was the sculptor, and among the contributors were Rev. Edward Everett Hale, now chaplain to the Senate, George W. Julian, then a congressman, and the Revs. O. B. Frothingham and Robert Collyer. But even these names would not save Paine's at that time. The bust was refused a niche "because Paine was an infidel," and since then the bust has been in the custody of Mrs. Carrie B. Kilgore, a lawyer of Philadelphia. She has finally persuaded the city to accept the bust, and it was placed, with simple ceremonies, in the historic building, in company with the figures of other noted men of Revolutionary days."

— From "The Truth Seeker."

services in the cause of liberty, by Tom Paine, went for absolutely nothing as soon as "The Age of Reason" was read. The preachers and the Federalists set hard on his trail, and the preachers, at least, having probably never heard of Volney, pursued Tom Paine into retirement and haunted the plague-stricken man to his dying hour, listening with Christian resignation to the cries of torture that issued continually from his sick chamber, and misrepresenting those utterances with as much holy prevarication as does the nun in "The Two Orphans."

In these latter days of successful Hamiltonian propaganda, with the cognate respectability of graft, it may cheer honest men, patriots and freemen to read out of Jefferson's (the 277th) letter to Tom Paine, dated after the complete downfall of Hamiltonism and triumph of Jefferson. "I am in hopes," says Jefferson to Paine, "you will find us returned generally to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living. That you may long live to continue your useful labors, and to reap their reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer. Accept assurances of my high esteem and affectionate attachment." Thomas Jefferson loved both Dr. Franklin and Tom Paine, and was himself as well loved by people to the west of the Potomac as any man who has ever lived.

He was a doctor of liberty and a good judge of men and gods.

In Colonel Ingersoll's works will be found nearly all that is known of the facts of Tom Paine's latter days and dying hours. Both Paine and Franklin had it hard at the end. Probably I should say Tom Paine drank a good deal, and possibly to relieve his pains. In those days almost any housewife and all preachers believed that it was far better to die than to drink. Maybe it was, but it seems to me the sick man is the best judge. Certainly it is far better and easier to die without taking a drink of "whiskey" such as is sold in prohibition states. The prohibitionist, after mixing his "whiskey" in the cellar, vending it to the stranger within his gates and viewing the swift destruction wrought on the stranger by his potion, most logically strengthens his previous conviction that strong drink is raging.

Tom Paine is one of the Revolutionary Fathers. In Paris he was moderate, and voted to save the king's life and give him honorable exile. After all, as Liberty is a million times more important than Religion, the time must come when what Tom Paine thought about King George, and not what he thought about Christianity, will be the main question. I should like to live in that age, because I do not enjoy invading or hurting other people's religious feelings.

But Justice is the highest ideal.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

By George Birdseye

It was his little namesake said:

"I'm glad George Washington is dead!"

"O, George," the mother cried in sorrow,

"How can a boy of mine speak so?"

"Because we have no school tomorrow,"

Said George; "perhaps you didn't know."



THE YELLOW PERIL OF THE NORTH

By Annie Riley Hale

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ILLUSTRATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHILE there have been sporadic periods of agitation in the press and in congress over the "yellow peril" on the Pacific slope, and the discussion of the negro peril of the South, like the brook, "goes on forever," few have seemed to realize that to the Caucasian dweller in the northern half of this country there is a deeper and graver racial menace than either of these two, in that it involves the most horrible possibilities of both.

President Eliot of Harvard University, in a speech before the Lincoln Dinner Club some months ago, declared: "Northern opinion and Southern opin-

ion are identical with regard to shielding the two races from admixture one with the other. We frankly recognize that the feeling of northern whites against personal contact with the negro is even stronger than that of southern whites."

But let us see how far even this high authority is supported by the facts and figures in the case. Statutory law is significant as an index to public opinion, and over against President Eliot's pronouncement we are forced to place the telling and insurmountable fact that but two, Maine and Delaware, of all the northeastern states, and but four, Ore-

gon, Idaho, Nebraska and Indiana, of all the northwestern states, prohibit marriage between whites and blacks.

A glance at the latest census statistics may enlighten even while it astonishes those who have been accustomed to think and to charge that the admixture of white with negro blood is "the Southern crime." On page sixteen of Census Bulletin No. 8, tables are given showing the per cent. of mulattoes in total negro population for the various states and groups of states in 1890, 1870, 1860 and 1850. The figure which stands against New England in the computation for 1890 is 32.7 per cent.; against the North Atlantic division 23.2; against the most northerly group in the South Atlantic division, including Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia and West Virginia, 19.2; while for the southerly group, comprising the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, it is only 11 per cent. Opposite the North Central division, embracing Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, stands 31 per cent. mulatto in the total negro population; whereas the South Central group, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas, shows only 14 per cent. of its large negro contingent with an infusion of white blood.

"The figures warrant the belief that between one-ninth and one-sixth of the negro population of continental United States have been regarded by four groups of enumerators as bearing evidence of an admixture of white blood. The figures also indicate that this admixture was found by the enumerators to be most prevalent in sections where the proportion of negroes to whites is smallest, and least prevalent where the proportion is largest."—*Census Bulletin No. 8, p. 16.*

For instance, Maine, whose negro population in 1890 was one-fifth of one per cent. of the total, shows 57.4 of the negroes to be mulattoes; while South Carolina, for the same decade having 59.9 per cent. of all her people negroes, shows only 9.7 per cent. of them mulattoes. Massachusetts, with one per cent. of her popular strength negroes, exhibits 36.3 per cent. of these with a Caucasian strain; while Mississippi, with a negro population more than half—57.6—shows only 11.5 per cent. of them thus marked.

Allowing for all possible errors and inaccuracies in this mongrel enumeration, we cannot escape the plain, statistical fact, that as one passes from the great cotton-growing states between South Carolina and Texas toward the North, there is a marked increase of racial fusion. The presumption that this is due solely or chiefly to immigration from the South is precluded by noting the same ratio between the figures for the two sections in 1850-60, when the only immigrants of this color from the South were the runaway slaves. A comparison of northern and southern cities for the earlier periods tells the same story: the percentage of mulattoes among negroes in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1860 was 38.3; that of Savannah, Georgia, for the same period was 18.1. That of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1860 was 54.9 per cent., while that of Charleston, South Carolina, was 25.2 per cent. Chicago had 49.3, and Philadelphia 32.6 per cent. mulattoes as against 21.8 for Louisville, Kentucky, and 21.4 for Richmond, Virginia.

If we hold that the only sin in the commingling of these two is the sin of of illegality, perhaps the chief onus of miscegenation still rests upon the South; but if it be conceded that any such amalgamation is in itself a crime, the South stands approved as the champion of Anglo-Saxon purity, not only for exhibiting the smallest percentage of admixture in the midst of the greatest

opportunity for it, but also for entering her protest uniformly against it on her statute books. In this view of it also, it seems a poor defence to say that the strong Caucasian instinct of the North is sufficient protection against miscegenation, and that it is useless to legislate against an evil which does not exist. Unless the census statistics greatly lie, the evil does exist and in much greater proportion than in the South.

II

The question naturally arises: If such large percentage of admixture stands against the North with few negroes, what might it not be with more? And more negroes is the proposition which confronts the North today; as an imminent and radical change in the South's industrial system may ultimately deliver into northern hands both the negro and his problem. Every breeze from the South blows tidings of this change. Mr. William Garrott Brown of Harvard University, in a recent tour of the southern states, observed it going forward through two movements of population — exodus and immigration: "There is," he wrote, "a steady and widespread movement of negroes from the countryside into the towns, and out of the state into the North; and there is a moderate but fairly steady and apparently increasing inflow of whites. All over the South the complaint is heard that the negro as a laborer, particularly as a farm-hand, is deteriorating. It becomes harder and harder to bind him to the soil or to long terms of service in any line, and he is likely to leave when the farmer needs him most."

All over the South, too, as it happens coincident with this, there is a great industrial renaissance; a full awakening, for the first time in her history, to the complete realization of the hidden potentialities in her vast and comparatively untouched resources. This industrial giant has risen from the lethargy which

two centuries of slavery imposed, and shaking off the transient effects of defeat and misrule, he will brook no obstacle and no delay in his high resolve to cause the South to blossom with new wealth and power. There is work to be done in this vast undertaking; the negro refuses to do it. Very well. Then he must make room for someone who will. At the convention of the "Southern Industrial Parliament," held in Washington last May, the chief subject for discussion was the immigration of farm labor. The burden of their cry was "the harvest is plenteous, the laborers are few. The negro as an industrial factor is a failure; he is not dependable; we must have something else."

The vital point in all this for the North is, that *the South is getting something else*. Italian labor is no longer an experiment in the South. Since the first colony at "Sunnyside Plantation" in Arkansas twelve years ago—at first a failure, afterward a signal success—these people have proven more industrious and more thrifty than the negroes. This is illustrated by the saying, "if an Italian earn a dollar and a quarter per day, he will live on the twenty-five cents and save the dollar; but if a negro earn a dollar and a quarter, he will spend a dollar and a half." At least one great railroad system of the South has begun to use Italians instead of negroes for track work; but the most deeply significant fact is their appearance in the sugar, rice and cotton fields.

Better still, the negro's industrial shortcomings are bringing to the front the native white rural and mountain population—"the South's great, unutilized industrial reserves." The whites are gaining in the shops and mills; they are to be found working side by side with the negroes in the tobacco factories, and they have a monopoly in the cotton mills, where the negroes are not found at all. The silk mills near Norfolk, Virginia, employ the native white

girls exclusively. "In parts of Virginia and the Carolinas, whence the negroes are migrating northward so steadily," says an eye witness, "white men are doing more and more of the work that was formerly left to negroes. Large planters and land-owners in those quarters now make it a rule to have neither negro laborers nor negro tenants, aiming specially against sudden departures. Once free of their long dependence on the African, these people will hardly go back to it of their own accord."

Aiming at greater efficiency for this white labor is the movement recently inaugurated in Washington entitled "the Southern Industrial-Educational League," for the establishment of more and better training schools in the South for the poor white children. Mr. Brown deposes in this connection: "The white man whom the negro has to fear is no longer the man who would force him to work; it is the white man who would take his work away from him. The immediate danger to the negro is from rivalry rather than oppression."

III

With the industrial failure of his race in the lower grades of service, the educated and professional negroes of the South will be forced into new fields; for it is true of negroes as of whites, that those who do the head work must be supported by those who work with the hands. What field so alluring to the educated and ambitious negro as the region whence the propaganda is so often heard that only ignorance and poverty separate him from the white man? That once he has educated and enriched himself, the negro should be admitted to full partnership with the Anglo-Saxon. It is not the purpose of this article to quarrel with this propaganda. Let those hold it who will. Only, from henceforth let those who preach it, practice it. We have reached the point where the exponents of this

idea should either back it with their example, or back down from it altogether. The educated negro of the North will be satisfied with nothing short of full recognition, and those who are not yet ready to accede to all his demands, would do well to draw the line while there is time. We plead only for honest declaration and purpose. The writer above quoted concludes his remarks with: "The misery of all our debating about the negro is that we cannot honestly pretend to be glad that he is here or to desire that his seed shall increase. Yet surely we can afford the honesty of telling him the truth." This is the only plea that can fairly be made for the negro now. This he has a right to demand, and this is finally the only kindness we can show him at present.

Yet it is precisely this which very few people seem disposed to do. The political complications which envelop him at the North and his entanglement with the industrial system of the South, have hitherto prevented a free expression of opinion in regard to him. He has been deceived and misled by specious theories and glittering generalities until he might well be pardoned for praying: "Lord, save us from our friends; we may be able to take care of our enemies!"

In the autobiography of a northern negress published in the Independent, some months ago, occurs this sentence: "I can but believe that the prejudice that blights and hinders is quite as decided in the North as in the South, but does not manifest itself so openly and brutally." Probably her southern readers thought the northern colored sister's adverb "brutally" might be more justly rendered "frankly,"—but that is immaterial. The important thing is her testimony to the existence of the "blighting prejudice" in the section where she was born and reared, and where she claims her father was an officer in a white church for years and her mother was per-

mitted to teach in a white Sunday school, and young white girls officiated at her own wedding. And still she was not satisfied!

The negro is what the French term "a difficult subject." He is so humble in his lowliness and so perked-up in his arrogance that one fluctuates between indulgent commiseration and an indignant desire to punch his head, in a hopeless effort to adjust one's mental plane to his attitude. His presence in any considerable numbers at the North will force public sentiment there to line up on the issue. Unlike the South, the North does not present a united front on this question; and this will increase her difficulties when her turn comes to wrestle with the "problem."

IV

Largely speaking, there are three classes of northerners in their attitude toward the negro. There is a small, select cult, who preach the doctrine of full political and social equality and boldly advocate miscegenation as the only Christian and rational solution of the situation. There is, of course, no "negro peril" for *this* class anywhere. There is another class, the antipodes of this one, in whom Caucasian exclusiveness is as strongly developed as in the proudest southerner, and who answer to President Eliot's description of being even more averse to personal contact with the negro. This class of northerners are not appeased by the colored man's educational veneering, nor by his acquisition of wealth and official honors, nor yet by his light complexion. They are less impressed by the meretricious show of negro progress than are many southerners, because with more discernment they have thought the thing out for themselves independently of their environment. They hold that the qualities of the blood go deeper than any mere surface-show of book learning or pious phraseology; that "reversion to

type" is a scientific principle. They stand by the biological axiom that "the man-history is the race-history," and they know the proper place to study the latter is where the racial tendencies have free play, unrestrained by the presence of a dominant race. Therefore for the real negro characteristics these turn not to the cities of Europe and continental United States, where he is constantly copying and leaning upon the white man; but to the jungles of Africa and to the black republics which he has established for himself, where he may work his own sweet will without let or hindrance from others. And these northern students of the race problem along purely scientific lines find the racial traits therein revealed so little to their liking that they have no mind to take chances on them in their own families—not even for the "eighth remove." These will fight most strenuously the new negro peril at the North, and in so doing they will merit the sympathy of the civilized world, for they are fighting foes from within and without—and as usual the worst are those of their own household.

Between the two extremes of northern opinion on this question there is another and by far the most numerous class at the North, who wish well to the negro in a vague and general sort of way; who would like to "help" him at long range; who are full of beneficent platitudes anent the "man and brother", but whose regard for him rests partly on a misconception of his real nature and partly on a sense of security from him in any event. With the coming of "more negroes" this class will have an opportunity of applying to themselves the theories they have so long believed applicable at the South, with the possible result of a better understanding of their southern neighbors. It is a favorite argument with this class that the South's policy of making the negro subordinate, of drawing the color line as rigidly

against the educated and virtuous as against the illiterate and depraved, is not calculated to foster the negro's self respect nor conducive to a very high racial development—allowing that he is capable of such development—and this is indisputably correct. There is absolutely no flaw in our northern friends' reasoning on this point, and if the negro's advancement were the sole thing or the main thing to be considered, the South's "color line" policy should receive unmitigated condemnation.

V

But there is another aspect of the question on which the northern mind does not appear to reason quite so clearly. It fails to see the logical connection between political equality and social equality in a free republic; and particularly the advocates of social equality for the most deserving negroes deny that this is the natural precursor of miscegenation. They take sharp issue with the statement of Professor Smith of Tulane University [New Orleans] in his recent book, "The Color Line: A Brief in Behalf of the Unborn":

"If we sit with the negroes at our tables, if we entertain them as our guests and social equals, if we disregard the color line in all other relations, is it possible to maintain it fixedly in the sexual relation, in the marriage of our sons and daughters, in the propagation of our species? Unquestionably. Not it is as certain as the rising of tomorrow's sun that, once the middle wall of social partition is broken down, the mingling of the tides of life would begin instantly and proceed steadily. If the race barrier be removed and the individual standard of personal excellence be established, the twilight of this century will gather upon a nation hopelessly sinking in the mire of mongrelism."

As everyone knows, "the middle wall of social partition" has never been so solidly maintained in the North as in the South, and the greater mongrelism of the North as set forth in the census records cited in this article, seems to uphold Professor Smith's position rather than that of the negrophiles. However, the final vindication of the one or the other will come with the increase of the negro population at the North, and the opportunity to witness the effect of the different negro policies when something like an equality of numbers obtains between the sections. If it should happen, for instance, that certain counties of Massachusetts instead of Mississippi should register eight negroes to one white citizen, it will be interesting to watch the workings of the "free ballot and fair count" system in the home of its chief apostles.

VI

One fact which is usually ignored by the negro-rights agitators and clamorers for "equality of opportunity" must commend itself to every thoughtful intelligence: wherever the negro exists in sufficient numbers to make his presence felt in a community, in direct proportion as his privileges increase is the racial feeling against him intensified. This is strikingly illustrated in the District of Columbia, where there are more negroes (90,000) than in any single community North or South, and where they are at the same time under fewer restrictions. Barring the self-assertiveness which this policy naturally engenders in them, the Washington negroes are as well-behaved as the most, and yet nowhere in the country is racial antagonism so acute, and this without respect to the sectional leanings of the whites. Nothing is more common than to hear citizens from the Northeast or Northwest, where negroes are scarce, depose: "We thought we had a good deal of sympathy for negroes before we came to Washington;" or to

hear them informing new-comers from those regions: "You have only to come to Washington to find out your real sentiments about the negroes."

And racial antagonism is a factor to be reckoned with. Right or wrong, it insists on space to exist as much as the roots of a tree. You cannot reason it away, nor preach it out of countenance, nor annul it by legislative enactment; and any scheme for the amelioration or uplifting of the negro which ignores this as a complication must surely fall to the ground. Few people have the honesty and the fearlessness to tell the negro that only by his consenting to remain the "under dog" in this government can he hope to continue a peaceful residence under it; and yet this is precisely what every honest thinker, white or black, knows to be the case. The colored teachers who have the courage to proclaim this truth have usually paid the penalty of their rashness in the mob vengeance of their irate followers.

VII

The advocates of the elevating process, to be consistent, should also advocate giving the negro a country and a government of his own; but, strange to say, those who are most insistent upon the high qualities and great possibilities of the negro race oppose any colonization scheme upon the ground that the negro cannot be trusted to work out his own salvation. People are continually talking about educating and elevating the negro as the final and amicable solution of the race problem, when they must know, in the light of all past history, that whenever the negro rises to the dignity of rivalry with the Anglo-Saxon his doom is sealed. The measure of consideration which he receives at present is due to the fact that we feel ourselves so immeasurably above him. It is a case of *noblesse oblige*. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, in the summary of his conclusions on this subject, says:

"There are but two solutions of the negro problem; we must remove him, or we must elevate him." Mr. Page would have put the case more accurately in saying: "If we elevate him we *must* remove him."

VIII

There is yet another phase of this question which holds a darker meaning for the whites than race war or "black supremacy." Every onlooker in northern cities is struck with the number of mulattoes who might easily pass for dark-skinned members of the white race. Again the negro—particularly the mulatto—despises himself. He is ashamed of being a negro, and bends all his energies toward wiping out that fact. No epithet of abuse is quite so offensive to him as his own appropriate racial name. Even the euphemistic appellations,—"colored gentleman," "Afro-American citizen," etc., have become distasteful to him. He grows more and more resentful of any kind of differentiation. An important witness to this fact is the statement of the chief statistician of the census bureau that no attempt had been made to obtain the per cent. of mulattoes in total negro population for 1900 because of the growing reluctance of quadroons and octoroons to admitting their racial identity. Said he: "Those who are very light won't admit it at all, and those who find it impossible to deny it altogether confess to it in a less degree than the fact." Instances are on record of this mongrel class perjuring themselves rather than confess to their African inheritance.

Now what is the significance in all this? It must be apparent to every thoughtful observer that the negro's contempt for himself and his kind which prompts him by every possible means to elude identification with his kind, will also lead him to seek admission into white families under an Anglo-Saxon guise, if need be. The successful pose

of Hannah Elias in the celebrated Platt case of New York; the well-nigh successful role of B. Sheppard White in Washington a few years ago; the more recent case of a minister from one of the Central American states, whose engagement to a proud society belle was brought to a sudden termination by the discovery of his African descent, all point very ominously to the possibility and feasibility of unwitting and unwilling amalgamation of races in this country.

Granting that this wish of the hybrid negro to lose his identity in the Caucasian stream has its pathetic side; granting also the retributive justice in it for the proud Anglo-Saxon who of his bestial appetites has made whips to scourge not only himself but his race; this article aims only at pointing out the most salient traits of the mulatto and their significance for the white people of the North particularly. In the nature of the case the danger must be greater in those states where miscegenation receives the sanction of law, the conscientious approval of a portion of the whites, and where the freer association and commingling of the two races—coupled with the presence of a large foreign population of varying complexion—enables the masquerading octoroon to pursue his course with more or less impunity.

For the select few who guard with jealous care their own little Anglo-Saxon plot, the peril is not imminent, perhaps. But a great many quite worthy and well-meaning Americans, either from indifference or from a democratic scorn of aristocratic pretensions, do not inquire very closely into the antecedents of persons claiming to be "white and respectable." This applies especially to the North, where the "for a' that" man has always had more show than at the South, where the idea of caste and of family pride has ever been dominant.

It is worthy of note that exposure, in two of the instances cited above, followed upon the gentlemen's proposing

marriage to southern women, whose families instituted the customary probing into genealogical backgrounds. It is worthy of note, also, that they met these southern ladies in northern society, for the southern negro, be he black, brown, or lightest tan, is carefully fenced off "in his own back yard." Which fact, joined with the knowledge of swift and certain punishment for any negro masquerading as a Caucasian, lessens the probability of misalliances of this character occurring at the South.

IX

This then appears to be the situation in brief: the North is the natural and preferred home of the mulatto, by common consent, who is to "make the trouble" for the white man. It goes without saying, also, that every untoward aspect of this question for the North will be aggravated by the increase in her negro population. The past five years have witnessed a rapid influx of southern negroes to northern cities, and the next decade will probably augment this beyond all previous records. Any attempt at drastic legislation aimed at the southern states by congress would surely facilitate and precipitate a negro exodus from those states into the North. For the South will wage no more devastating wars over the negro. She has had enough of that, nor is it necessary. There is an easier way out of the difficulty. The South is working out her negro problem along industrial lines, and the negro, all unconsciously to himself, is her most active assistant in it. In the slow working out of racial destinies it becomes practicable to shift the burden she has borne so long onto the shoulders of her quondam critics, and in so doing her temper is neither pugnacious nor controversial. She has put forth her best writers and orators in the past to tell the North and the world what they know about this unfortunate race, and their report has been discredited in

the main. One of these writers, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, says apropos of this: "We have the singular example in this country of opinions on this subject being weighed and estimated, not according to the character, intelligence and opportunity to know the facts, but altogether upon the geographical habitat of the persons delivering them.

As a rule, it is enough to know that a writer or speaker comes from the South to rob his testimony of half its value."

So that in handing over to the North the negro and his concomitant perplexities, the South's only message is, in parliamentary phrase: "Are you ready for the question? . . . It is yours."

COWBOY LIFE IN THE FAR SOUTHWEST

Photographs by Erwin E. Smith

BONHAM, TEXAS



A BAD SIGN: A COW-PONY SILENTLY GRAZING UPON A HILL, WITH A ROPE DRAGGING AND A "DOUBLE HALF-HITCH" AROUND THE POMMEL OF THE SADDLE IS NEARLY A SURE PROOF THAT EVIL HAS BEFALLEN THE RIDER



SOUTHWESTERN LANDSCAPE: COWBOYS ENTERING A VAST, SILENT VALLEY



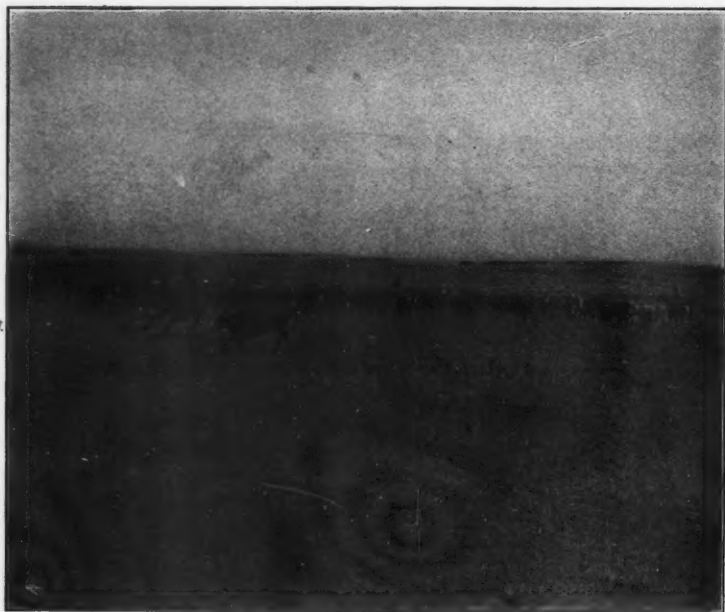
COWBOY USING HIS SOMBERO AS A DRINKING-CUP



BREAKING A BRONCHO: THE PONY IS FIGHTING WILDLY FOR FREEDOM



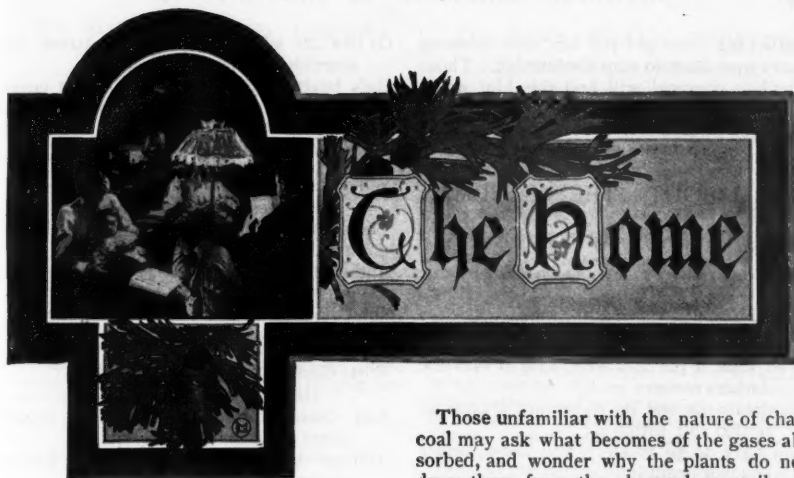
BRANDING AT THE ROUNDUP: THE MAN STANDING APPLIES THE HOT IRON



HEIFER TRYING TO DODGE BACK INTO THE MAIN HERD



RIDING AROUND THE CATTLE TO KEEP THEM BUNCHED



BONES AND CHARCOAL IN FLORICULTURE

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

DURING the Winter, when fires must be kept, and more meat is used than during the Summer, a supply of bones should be burned for next year's use as drainage material. Throw every bone into the fire and let it burn until it will break easily when struck, for bones furnish elements absolutely essential to plant growth, aside from serving as drainage material.

Those who burn wood should save, also, a plentiful supply of charcoal. When there is a good bed of live coals take out all that can be spared and pour water over them until the fire is extinguished. It frequently happens that when the kitchen work is done there will be a fine bed of coals in the stove, or some large embers, and the wise flower-lover will not fail to convert them into charcoal for future use.

The bones furnish large per cents. of carbon, calcic phosphates and calcic carbonates for the plants to feed on, while the charcoal rapidly absorbs moisture and noxious gases which would make the soil cold and sour, at the same time that it gives out elements which are decidedly helpful to the plants in the way of producing dark, glossy foliage and vividness of color to the blossoms.

Those unfamiliar with the nature of charcoal may ask what becomes of the gases absorbed, and wonder why the plants do not draw them from the charcoal as easily as they would from the soil. The reason is this:—The pores of the charcoal are filled with condensed oxygen and the gases absorbed are decomposed by contact with it. The process of decomposition generates a warmth which is another reason why charcoal is one of the best materials to use around the roots of plants.

If it is possible to save more than is needed for drainage, powder it and mix with the soil, not only for pot-plants but around those in the garden, also. If there is any to spare, divide with friends who do not burn wood from which to get the charcoal, and let them burn their bones in your fire (if they burn gas) — you will get the benefit of the heat, which is intense, and they will have the burned bones for their plants.

If a large metal pail, or a stone crock, is kept where it is handy to put both bones and charcoal into it, the trouble of saving them is practically nothing, and if it were considerable the results would amply repay it. Knowing how extensively charcoal is used as a filtering agent in many lines of work, and that it is given to dyspeptics to neutralize the action of gases in the stomach, it is easy to understand that it *must* benefit vegetable life, and that the one who allows it to go to waste is wasting what represents marked improvement in the beauty of all plants grown, either in pots or in the open ground.

It is well to know that where large lumps of charcoal or bone are used as drainage material they may be purified and made fit for use again by putting them into the fire

and letting them get red hot, then throwing water over them to stop the burning. Those who buy charcoal will find this hint worth heeding as it is not always easy to find it for sale, when wanted.



ALL ABOUT THE SANDMAN

By Eleanor W. F. Bates

ROSLINDALE, MASSACHUSETTS

WHERE does the Sandman live, mamma?
He lives with Jacky Horner,
Who took a pie and went with it into the darkest corner:
It's dream-pie and its plums are dreams all settled soft within it;
You have to go to sleep, you know, before you can begin it.

How does the Sandman look, mamma?
O, like a pretty shadow,

Or like the silver fog that slips across the morning meadow.

He's beautifully dressed in silk that never makes a rustle,
And you can't hear him coming if there is the slightest bustle.

What does the Sandman say, mamma?

He doesn't do much talking;
They say he sings a lullaby when he is out a-walking;

And when the darling of my heart is rather cross or weepy,
Sometimes I think that I can hear him say,
"I'm very sleepy!"

What does the Sandman do, Mamma?

He finds a little river
And takes the crystal sand that shines where moonbeams gently quiver,
And sprinkles it so silently, his quiet fingers stealing

Over your eyelids — notice now, it's just what you are feeling.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

TO PREVENT A SNEEZE

By A. B.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

My mother taught me this way to shut off a sneeze, and I have been spared embarrassment and mortification by remembering it. When you feel an inclination to sneeze lay the forefinger across the upper lip, close under the nose, and press down hard.

LAUNDRY HINTS

By Elizabeth M. Soule

Appleton, Wisconsin

If you wish your clothes to iron easy and retain that "new" look so desirable, pour one quart of boiled starch into your last rinsing water.

Mix any dry starch with a little water and before pouring on the boiling water shave in a little white soap. No scum will ever form over the top nor will the irons stick to the clothes.

DARNING STOCKINGS

By ELIZABETH ANDERSON

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Take a common mosquito netting and sew on hole. Draw the yarn in the ordinary way through the meshes, skipping every other mesh, so that when you darn crosswise you will have the meshes to darn through. No matter how large the hole, one can always get it into good shape, making darning perfectly even, besides saving time.

TO CLEAN PLAYING CARDS

By MAX A. R. BRUNNER

Chicago, Illinois

Soiled playing cards may be cleaned by rubbing over with a cloth dipped in camphor-spirit. For about thirty to fifty cards scarcely more than a thimbleful of camphor is needed. Another good cleaner is made by mixing burned magnesia, benzol and a little camphor-spirit, forming a jelly which is to be kept in an air-tight tin box and rubbed on the cards to clean them.

WHEN WASHING LETTUCE

By MRS. F. H. BATHEY

Armada, Michigan

When washing lettuce for the table, if the leaves are held up to the light, the presence of those elusive little green bugs can be instantly detected.

SEALING A LETTER

By M. W.

Woodford, New York

Sometimes one wants to be sure that a letter cannot be tampered with. Moisten the flap with the white of an egg and dry thoroughly. It cannot be pulled open and steaming has no effect upon it.

TO SOFTEN DRIED LEMONS

By H. F. HUBBELL
Willow Springs, Missouri

When lemons have become hard from keeping, cover them with boiling water and set on back of range a little while. They will become soft and pliable.

LAMP HINTS

I

By L. F. CHANNON
Washington, D. C.

To increase the light given by a small lamp, place a mirror directly back of it, so that your lamp casts its reflection in the mirror. You can easily see just how much additional light you get from the mirror, by putting a paper between the lamp and the mirror, and suddenly withdrawing it, noticing how much lighter the room is.

II

By MRS. WM. McKELVY
Sulphur Springs, Colorado

A little salt added to the oil of a lamp that gives out a yellow light will whiten and brighten the light.

A FURNACE HINT

By MRS. NANCY COYLE
Smith's Creek, Michigan

When, as often happens, a register refuses to send out a stream of hot air, if a lighted lamp or candle is placed on the register for ten or fifteen minutes the trouble will be remedied. The hot air from the lamp starts a draft that draws the cold air from the pipe.

THE "WHITE" MOP-WRINGER

By C. MACQUARIE
San Diego, California

Some months ago I read an "ad" in your magazine anent the above, offering one free to the first in any town who would ask her dealer for one and, finding he did not keep it, would send his name and address to the White Mop-Wringer Co., Jamaica, Vermont. I found my smooth dealer offering a totally different article as the "White," and wrote to the company, but I didn't quite expect the ad. was genuine, or that I would get the wringer free. It is so easy to write and say, "Sorry, but you weren't the first."

But I did get my mop-wringer free, and the sequel proved it to be quite unique as a labor-saver. You can use boiling water and can clean carpets in a few minutes with a partially wrung mop. Any old kind of a mop will do.

So you see it pays to read and answer "ads." in the National.

NEW USE FOR A SAFETY-PIN

By E. B.
New York City

The following device proves satisfactory when closet room is scarce or when hooks are few. Fold a dress-skirt so that it is in four thicknesses, then through the center of the four-fold belt, at right angles, run a large safety-pin, fasten the pin and slip over the hook, which will hold, in good condition, several skirts hung in this manner.

TO HAVE MEALY POTATOES

By MRS. ELLA WOODCOCK
Winchendon, Massachusetts

If potatoes are immediately placed in the oven for a few minutes after taking them from the boiling water in which they have been cooked, they will be much more palatable.

THE CARE OF JEWELRY

By W. UNDERWOOD
Hazelton, Pennsylvania

I

A few drops of ammonia on the under side of a diamond will clean it immediately and make it very brilliant.

II

Jewels are generally wrapped up in cotton and kept in their cases, but they are subject to tarnish from exposure to the air, and require cleaning. This is done by preparing clean soapsuds and using fine toilet soap. Dip any article of gold, silver, gilt or precious stones into this lye, and dry them by brushing with a soft brush, or a fine sponge, afterwards with a piece of fine cloth and lastly with a soft leather. Silver ornaments may be kept in fine arrowroot, and completely covered with it.

TO COOL THE OVEN

By MAY HAMBLIN
Parsonsburg, Maryland

If when you are baking the oven gets too hot, put in a basin of cold water instead of leaving the door open. This cools the oven, and the steam arising from the water prevents the contents burning. When cooking in a gas oven a basin of water should always be kept in the oven.

RAISING RADISHES

By ETTA GOUDY
Walkerville, Michigan

I select a piece of sandy ground in the corner of my garden for this crop. Each Spring before sowing I scatter wood ashes two inches or more in depth, and mix thoroughly with the soil. No manure is required and the radishes are always brittle and free from worms.

FOR SENSITIVE TEETH

By W. A. WHEELER
Montour Falls, New York

For sensitive teeth: Dissolve three lime tablets in a glass of water. Take a mouthful, working it about between the teeth, retaining as long as convenient. Do this about three times a day and the sensitivity will disappear. Country druggists, as a rule, do not keep the tablets but any city druggist can supply you.

HOW TO CHEAT JACK FROST

By S. L. F.
Readfield, Maine

When a killing frost has struck tomatoes, grapes or other tender plants in the early Fall, sprinkle with cold water early in the morning, before the sun's rays reach the plants, and there will be no damage.

COOKING HINTS

By HELEN HUBBES

Highland Park, Los Angeles, California

I

Let the kettle in which mush has been cooked stand for five minutes before taking up. Then no hard residue will be left sticking to the bottom of the kettle to be soaked off and thrown away.

II

A quarter of an apple cooked with a quart of cranberries takes off the crudeness but does not diminish the tartness.

CLEANING AN OLD CLOCK

By SARAH ISHAM COIT

Roxbury, Connecticut

Have any of the readers of the National a clock they value, that seems to be near the end of its career of usefulness: does it skip a beat now and then, and when it begins to strike seem to be in pain? Let me tell you what to do. Take a bit of cotton batting, the size of a hen's egg, dip it in kerosene, and place it on the floor of the clock, in the corner, shut the door of the clock and wait three or four days. Your clock will be like a new one, skip, no more it will strike as of old, and as you look inside you will find the cotton batting black with dust. The fumes of the oil loosen the particles of dust, and they fall, thus cleaning the clock. I have tried it, with success.

HOW TO BOIL EGGS

By ETHEL HEALD MAC DONALD

Bangor, Maine

Pour *snapping* boiling water over the required number of eggs. Set them on the back part of the stove (where they will simply keep hot) for ten minutes. Cooked in this way, the whites are not tough. We do not care for boiled eggs prepared in any other way.

If you wish hard-boiled eggs, let remain twenty minutes.

But if you wish to use eggs in decorating a salad, or anything of the kind, cook in the old way, as for this purpose, you need to have the whites firm and hard, or you cannot cut them properly.

SLIPPERY NEW SHOES

By MRS. K. E. LAWSON

Fort Lee, New York

To prevent small children slipping when wearing new shoes with smooth soles, rub the soles a few times over sandpaper.

TYING LOW SHOES

By LEE McCRAE

Memphis, Tennessee

To tie the lacings of shoes so that they will not come undone at inopportune times and yet be easily untied when the wearer desires, try the following, which never fails when correctly done:

Tie the strings as for the ordinary bow-knot, but just before drawing down the two loops turn one of them back through the open knot, then draw down securely. It is unfastened like the common bow-knot by merely pulling one string. A little practice makes this an extremely simple process and one is saved the vexation of loose shoes and trailing strings in public places.

TO KEEP EGGS PERFECTLY FRESH

By MRS. E. S.

Albany, New York

There are plenty of rules in cook books and magazines, for preserving eggs but with all due respect to the above authorities I am compelled to say I know of the one best way of keeping them fresh and fit to serve upon the table.

My method is as follows: When strictly, freshly laid, pack them closely, so that one braces the other, into a small bag, made of strong, loosely woven cotton cloth which has short loops of stout twine sewed firmly at its diagonal ends.

Two dozen in a bag are sufficient to handle easily. When filled, pin or sew the bag carefully together, and hang by one of the loops on a nail driven into a beam midway of a well ventilated cellar where a current of air circulates freely. Every seventh day end the bag and hang by the opposite loop.

Don't forget to make the change every week and with abundance of air circulating the eggs; will keep for months, delicate and appetizing as when freshly laid.

BABY'S SHAMPOO

By A. E. WILLSON

Hanover, Illinois

If you have trouble with the little ones, when giving them a shampoo, don't lose your patience because they object so strenuously to having soapsuds splashed in their eyes. Take a napkin by the opposite corners and roll until the remaining corners are formed into a pad. Pass this around the baby's head and tie with knot at nape of neck, all superfluous water and soap suds will be absorbed by the pad, so formed, and baby will be sweeter and so will you.

MENDING FURS

By MRS. N. N. C.

Craig, Colorado

A good way to mend fur rugs or anything made of fur, is to fasten the edges together with strips of adhesive plaster on the under side.

WHEN BAKING CAKE

By MRS. HARVEY DORSEY

Moro, Illinois

When removing a cake from the oven after it is baked, if it does not come out easily wring a cloth out of cold water, fold, and lay on table: set the hot pan on this for a few moments and the contents can be removed smooth and entire without the slightest difficulty.

TO STRAIGHTEN RUG CORNERS

By MRS. E. E. INSLEE

Hazlehurst, Mississippi

Make stiff flour starch, take your rug to a sunny place on the portico, turn it upside down, apply the starch to the corners, and leave the rug to dry.



Note and Comment

By Frank Putnam

MAYOR DUNNE AND THE PRESS

EARLY in November I read, in certain eastern newspapers, dispatches dated at Chicago, in which it was made to appear that Mayor Dunne had given up hope of municipalizing Chicago's street railways and that he meant to resign his office. These dispatches appeared to be a part of the regular daily service of the Associated Press. There was nothing to indicate that they were not written in good faith, but I doubted their accuracy and wrote to Mayor Dunne, alluding to these items casually as "Associated Press dispatches," and asking him if their statements were correct. His reply was published in the National Magazine for December. You will remember he charged in that letter that there existed in Chicago what amounted to a "league" of the banks, the newspapers, the aldermen and the Associated Press to misrepresent the movement for municipal ownership and finally to defeat the public demand for that reform.

General Manager M. E. Stone in New York and Mr. Harry Beach of the Chicago office of the Associated Press promptly assured me that the dispatches

which I read in the eastern newspapers, and which I supposed to be Associated Press dispatches, were not so in fact; that the Associated Press had never sent out any such dispatches. Insofar as Mayor Dunne included the Associated Press in his list of the foes of public ownership upon my testimony, it is my duty to tender apologies to the mayor and the gentlemen of the Associated Press, which I cheerfully do. Except as to his general reputation, I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Stone, but I do know Mr. Beach and when he tells me a thing is so, I know that it is so.

So far, so good: the Associated Press is acquitted of sending out inaccurate and injurious reports concerning Mayor Dunne and the Municipal Ownership movement. Can we also acquit the Associated Press of unfairly ignoring the important news features of this movement? Not until we receive a satisfactory explanation of its failure to use any part of the mayor's sensational letter in its news report for the night of Monday, November 20, when the letter was released for general circulation. Obviously, this failure on the part of the

Associated Press might have been due to one of those lapses of judgment of which all are guilty at times, or it might have been due to a design to smother the mayor's charges.

I asked Mr. Stone for light on this point. He replied saying that the associated Press knew nothing about the Dunne letter until after it was published in the Record-Herald. This seems to me to be a palpable evasion, since the news-reporters of the Associated Press have access to the proof-sheets of the papers to which the letter was sent by wire early on the evening of November 20.

Mr. Stone irritably assumes that I made a "charge of partisanship against the Associated Press," in my letter to Mayor Dunne. Therein he errs: I did not charge that the dispatches which I supposed to be the work of the Associated Press were "partisan," or that I believed them to be sent out with deliberate intent to mislead. I merely said that I doubted their accuracy. Mr. Stone's readiness to defend where no attack was made fomented the very doubt that it was meant to allay.

I wished Mr. Stone to reply to Mayor Dunne over his own signature, but he believes that it is the duty of the author of an error to correct that error, and in this I quite agree with him. And although his explanation of the failure of the Associated Press to make use of Mayor Dunne's letter will hardly satisfy anyone familiar with the way in which Associated Press news is gathered, yet I am willing, by way of making complete reparation for the wrong that I have innocently done him, to accept even that explanation at its face value, confident that, whatever it may have done or left undone in the past, the Associated Press will not soon hereafter either overlook or suppress any such widely interesting news matter as Mayor Dunne's letter on "Chicago's Street Railway Deadlock."

It may be interesting, remembering the mayor's charge that the Chicago newspapers are leagued against him and his municipal ownership program, to know that whereas I offered his letter to all the morning papers of Chicago—the Chronicle alone excepted—on the evening of November 20, only one, the Record-Herald, ordered it. I excepted the Chronicle because that paper has never been so much a public journal as the organ of a bank; it has openly and bitterly fought public ownership at every step, and was therefore presumptively unwilling to give space to the mayor's complaint and his arguments.

Any man that has ever served newspapers will understand without straining his brain the meaning of this all but unanimous failure by the Chicago morning newspapers to take and print the mayor's letter. It means either that the news editors of the Chicago papers have orders to smother Mayor Dunne and his propaganda, or that those news editors are unable to recognize news when they see it—and that is unbelievable. From this rule the Record-Herald must be excepted,—the Record-Herald printed the mayor's letter entire, and the next day he stated that in the news columns of that paper he had always been treated fairly. Inasmuch as its editorial page can have little or no influence when it argues against the deep convictions of a majority of the voters of Chicago, the mayor can afford to forgive its proprietors for holding opinions contrary to his own.

As for any of the other papers that Mayor Dunne may feel have wronged him and the big majority he represented, he can content himself with the philosophical reflection that insofar as they betray the public by failing in their duty to print the news of the day fairly and fully, they will certainly lose their readers and their advertisers to other more progressive journals.

I know, and Mr. Stone knows, that the

private owners of the Chicago street railways have used, and will continue to use, every agency they can command to defeat the movement for public ownership: precisely what any of us would do were we in their place. Equally with himself I perceive, and the general public will instantly perceive, the utter immorality of any attempt that might be made by these private holders of public property to make an inequitable use of the Associated Press.

For it is of the first importance that we get our news honestly, fairly, impartially set before us. If we do that, and then allow the slick journalistic Hessians of the editorial pages to bamboozle us, it is our own fault and there was no hope for us in the first place. The Associated Press has what amounts to almost a monopoly of the general news service in this country. We could better tolerate a thousand venal editorial writers than to permit the management of the Associated Press to rest for one minute under suspicion of deliberate unfairness in its treatment of any part of the news.

It is possible that Mayor Dunne is not the right man to lead the public ownership fight in Chicago: he is at any rate the man the people chose to lead it, and the more often he is or even appears to be unfairly assailed by the foes of the public ownership movement, the more firmly will the voting majority become convinced that he is the right man in the right place. Certainly none of the several gentlemen of Chicago who have written to me to criticize his letter in the December *National* has imputed to the mayor impure or unworthy motives. In their opinion he is somewhat too sudden, too hasty. They would have him ponder, and doubt, and delay. Instead, he has offered a fair, square program for carrying out the mandate of the people for "immediate municipal ownership," and a faithless city council majority, diverted from its duty to its con-

stituencies, has advanced from passive to active treason, and is now engaged in an attempt to fasten upon Chicago twenty years more of private ownership, with its black record of graft, greed and boodle, its reckless mismanagement and its total disregard of the public welfare.

WHAT NEW ENGLAND NEEDS

NEW ENGLAND has two of the factors of wealth—cheap water power and cheap labor. She needs cheap raw material and open markets. Without them, she will see her shoe factories one by one follow her cotton mills into the region of the raw material—West and South. If any man is qualified to testify and be heard respectfully upon this point, that man is Governor William L. Douglas. He has built up and successfully conducts a big business employing an army of contented men and women, he is a conservative, and he says Massachusetts needs freer trade both in raw materials and the finished products of her factories and mills. His successor, Governor-elect Curtis Guild, equally recognizes the gravity of the situation. Either of these men, if he represented Massachusetts in the United States senate, would work and vote for such modifications of our trade relations with Canada as would permit Massachusetts factories profitably to utilize the hides and lumber and coal of the Dominion. Senator Lodge, it is explained by one of his recent interpreters, prides himself upon his "statesmanlike" recognition of the fact that Massachusetts "cannot get what she wants." What Massachusetts needs first and most is a group of representatives in congress who will make a fight for Massachusetts' interests. A statesman is a man who builds a state, not one who, holding great power and large responsibility, sits cynically by and watches the state decline for lack of stout fighting that might save it.

A BOOK OF LOVE-SONGS

CHARLOTTE EATON'S "DESIRE"
IS A WORK OF QUITE UNCOMMON
ARTISTRY AND POWER, BEAUTIFUL
AND ALLURING AND PROVOCATIVE

IT is of no very great importance that one woman—or a hundred of them—should write love-songs—even very good love-songs, since love-songs speak no progress, mark no change in our condition: love-songs were, ere men and women had more speech than amorous growls and gurgles. It *is* of the highest significance that even one woman should prove her ability to grasp a scientific concept and give it articulate utterance.

The more poets the merrier, to be sure; and every wren upon a bough makes this grim world seem kindlier and more desirable. The thrushes in the bushes sing and sway and swell their little hearts—and the hearts of all that hear them—with tender, mystical gladness; and even the shade-seeking whippoorwill's melodious iteration adorns the misty sadness it inspires. How like a saucy wren are many merry singers of cheery little songs—the Father Tabbs, the Aldriches, the Vance Cheneys, the Clinton Scollards? What is Whitcomb Riley but a thrush disguised in human form? I warrant he once wore feathers—naturally, you understand. And none may doubt that in Charlotte Eaton's brain, what while she wrought the book "Desire", a whippoorwill was nested. It is a hundred love-songs in a single key—of desire. Rare fine songs, many of them, in the spirit and the form of the early Greeks, of the ancient Celtic bards, of Whitman. A genuine achievement, these love-songs. But of more importance, in my opinion, though obviously not in the opinion of the author, are the few pieces in which she utters, without doubt or hesitation, profound truths concerning the vaster issues of man's meaning and his destiny. *Men*

seem of little worth—nature makes and slays them in myriads, carelessly, even scornfully; *man* appears to have some mission not yet fulfilled, for nature visibly spares his seed, while scourging him ever onward to serener heights.

"SONNETS TO A WIFE"

ERNEST MCGAFFEY'S CLASSIC SE-
QUENCE IN A CHARMING NEW
EDITION PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM
MARION REEDY OF ST. LOUIS

THROUGHOUT the West every lover of good poetry knows and admires the work of Ernest McGaffey. He is among the first half-dozen living American poets in the excellence and authority of his poetical writings. Perhaps his most notable achievement is the series of seventy sonnets entitled, "Sonnets to a Wife," now republished in a binding of rare beauty by William Marion Reedy of St. Louis.

This sonnet sequence is a gallery of pictures, stamped every one with sincerity, sympathy and deep love of nature. No breath of impure suggestion mars the strong, sweet, singing lines, nor any lurking cynicism: they are the full-flavored product of a sane man's love in sound maturity. The "Sonnets" will, I venture to believe, be added to the classics of American poetry.

It would be difficult to select a more gracious gift for a friend of gentle mind and bookish tastes, whether man or woman. And we owe something more than posthumous praise to these our native artists, who give so much and ask so little, do we not? But most of all, we, even the hardest driven, owe it to ourselves to take time from the daily grind in which to become acquainted with, to know and love these our Spartan singers, disdaining fortune for the nobler lure of fame.